

*Lake Superior
to the Sea*

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Lake Superior *To the Sea*

"THE" INLAND WATER VOYAGE

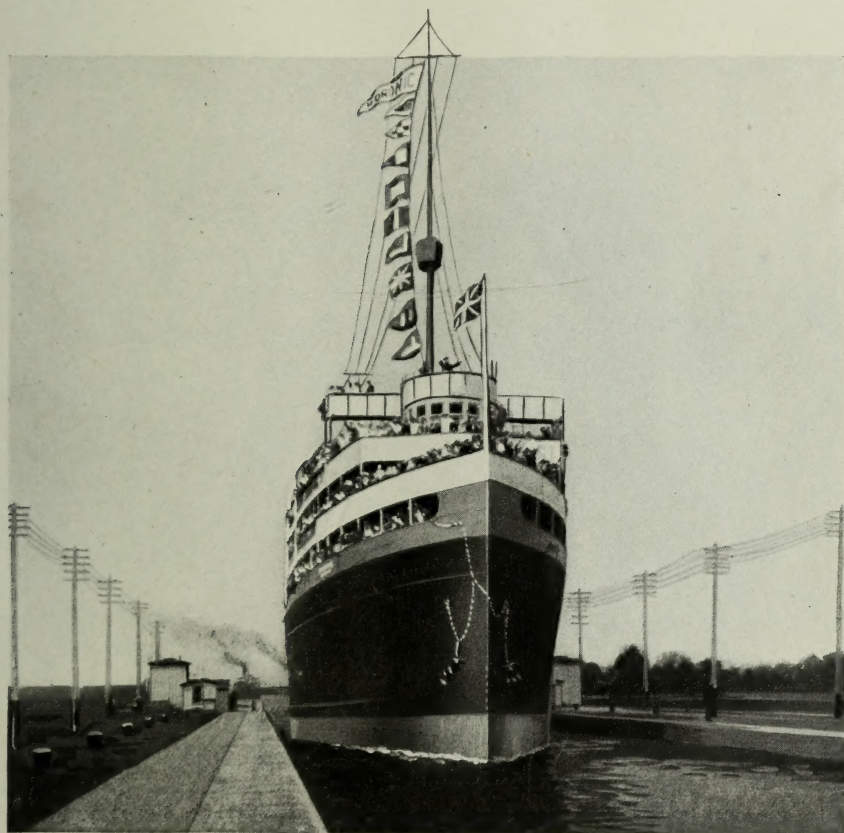


Issued by CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, LIMITED
Montreal, Canada.

LAKE SUPERIOR TO THE SEA

AN INLAND WATER VOYAGE ON THE
GREAT LAKES AND FAR-FAMED
ST. LAWRENCE AND SAGUENAY RIVERS

BY GARNAUT AGASSIZ

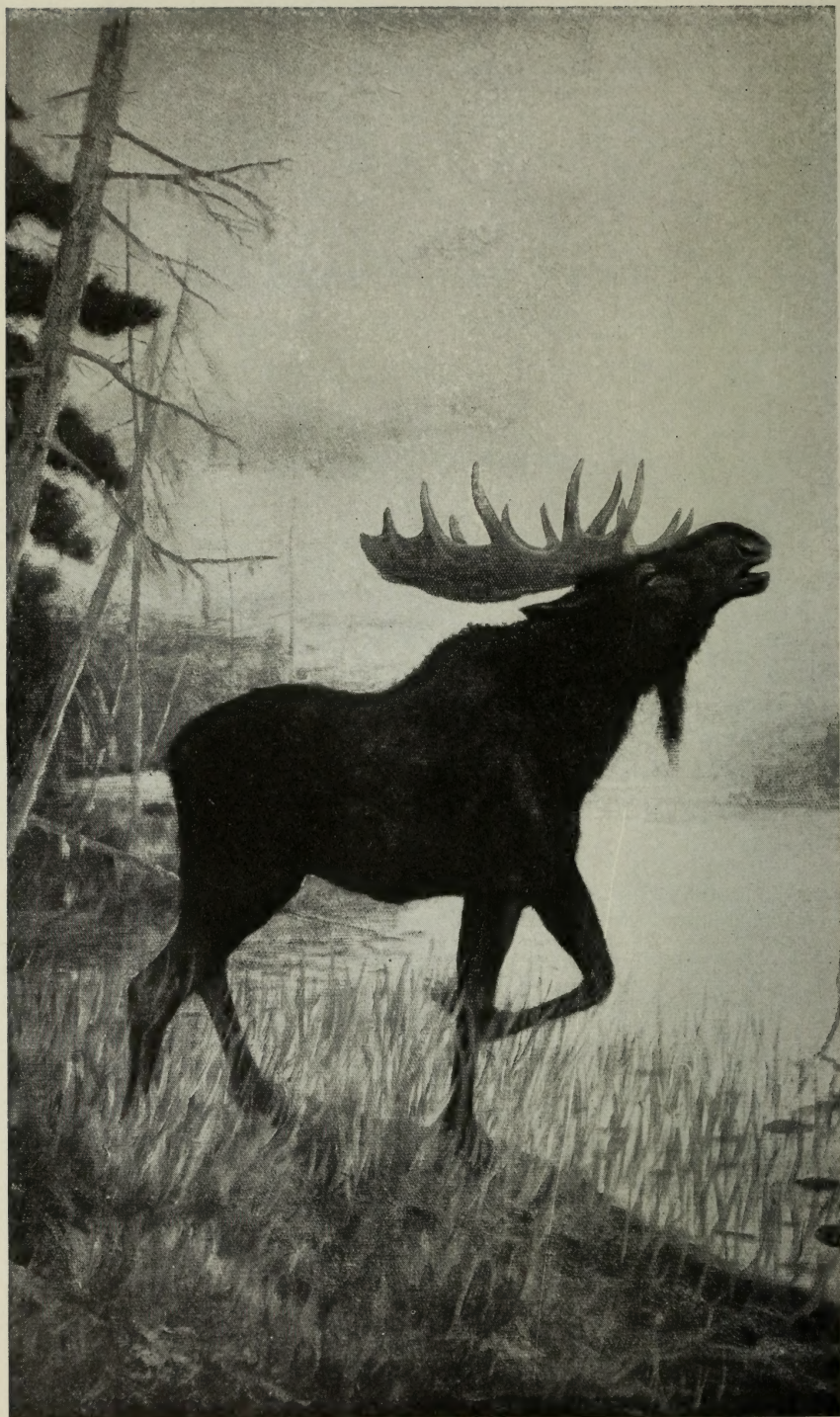


CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, LIMITED

AND ITS SUBSIDIARIES

NORTHERN NAVIGATION CO.

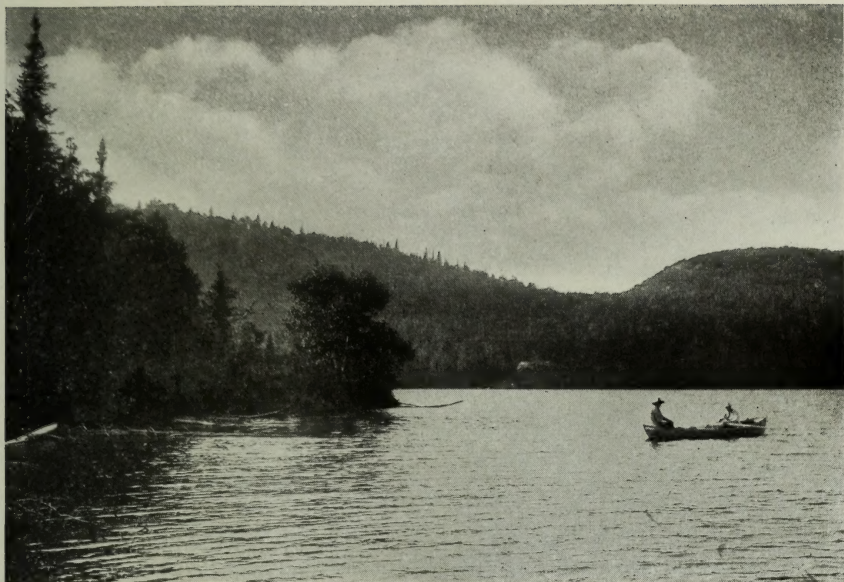
QUEBEC STEAMSHIP CO.



Courtesy Canadian Government Railways

Photo, Copyright, Notman, Montreal

"There the Monarch Moose Still Flaunts His Challenge on the Air"



"Beyond the Frontier Nature Still Reigns Supreme"

FROM LAKE SUPERIOR TO THE SEA

BY GARNAULT AGASSIZ

FROM the heart of the continent to the sea, from where Superior washes the pre-Cambrian rocks of her rugged northern shores to where the waters of the St. Lawrence lose their iridescence in the deeper blue of the Gulf, a two-thousand mile voyage through the most historic region of the New World, through a land of myriad lake and stream, majestic cataract, turbulent cascade, of terraced hill, undulating valley, precipitous mountain, its ever-changing landscape dotted, now by the habitation of the tiller of the soil, now by mine or mill, now by wayside hamlet, now by some monument to the storied past, and, intermittently, like the forged links in a giant chain, by mighty center of commerce, with always beyond, sentineling the horizon, the deep, silent forest—such is the journey down the Great Lakes and River and Gulf of St. Lawrence, the most wonderful waterway on earth.

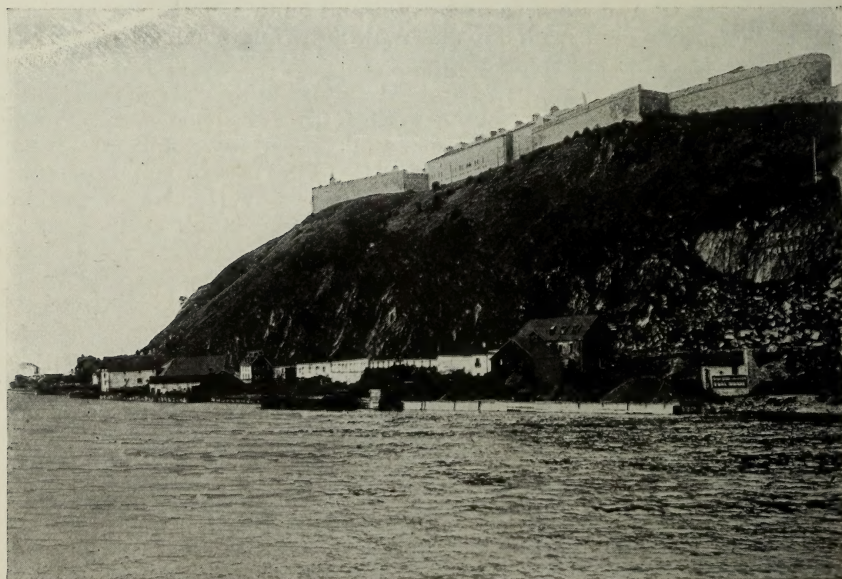
And the region traversed is one of extraordinary diversity, remarkable contrast.

An empire in area, it is in great part as primeval as when the pioneer penetrated its unexplored wilds; as when the truculent red man hunted his lawful prey, scalped his enemy, or smoked the pipe of peace.

Yet in sections it is highly developed. Within its confines are to be found the most productive silver, copper and iron mines in existence, the most valuable deposits of asbestos, vast fields of bituminous coal, and, in smaller measure, mines of gold, nickel, lead, platinum, zinc, arsenic, and corundum. Along its streams, and bordering its lakes, lie thousands upon thousands of fertile farms that bring forth in profusion many of the chief fruits of the earth.



"The Seven Rapids of the St. Lawrence, Culminating with the Lachine"



"Quebec, Foundation Stone of the New World"



"From its Waters Come Millions of Fish"

Wherever man has his settlements graze vast herds of cattle. From its waters come millions of fish. Its forests yield an almost incalculable wealth. The pulse of industry throbs in its cities and towns. Its railroads link its magnificent distances and bring its peoples into common communion. Its waterways carry a greater annual commerce than any one of the seven seas.

But with all he has accomplished, man has but conquered the outer fringe of this great empire. Beyond the frontier Nature still reigns supreme. There the trapper still plies his calling undisturbed. There the monarch moose still flaunts his challenge on the air, the deer and the caribou still roam unmolested. There the beaver still builds his house, the salmon, the trout, and the maskilonge still break the peaceful calm of the waters.

For the sportsman is only beginning to hear the call, and the territory is so vast that it will be many, many years before its primeval conditions will have been altered, before its rugged grandeur will have been despoiled.

In history, too, this region is very rich, veiled with an atmosphere of romance and tradition that is common to no other section. Here came the first explorers and soldiers, here the first messengers of the Word. This was the land of Cartier, Champlain, LeCaron, Joliet, LaSalle, Nicolet, Marquette, Cadillac, Jogues, Bréboeuf, and many other knights of the sword and cross who sought to conquer this heathen land for king and church. Here came the first traders to barter their cheap trinkets and fire-water for the valuable pelts of the North; here the pioneers to wrest from the soil the fruits of a primitive agriculture. Here occurred many of the most terrible of the Indian massacres. Here fell Wolfe and Montcalm, settling



"Its Forests Yield an Almost Incalculable Wealth"



Photo, Copyright, G. Agassiz

"Grown Up in a New Civilization"



"Tadousac, Oldest Settlement of New France"

forever the destinies of New France. Here were fought some of the most sanguinary battles of the Revolutionary War and of the War of 1812. Here were laid the foundations of the Canada of to-day.

And on this wonderful summer voyage we see all these things as no history can depict them—see them in phantasy, of course, but as realistically almost as though they were but now.

We see Jacques Cartier, mariner of St. Malo, plant his cross on the Gaspé shores, linger a space at Tadousac, then proceed up the river to Stadacona and Hochelaga, those Algonquin villages that, wiped out by the fierce Iroquois, have grown up in a new civilization as Quebec and Montreal. We see Champlain, the true father of Canada, lay the foundations of Quebec, then follow him to the Georgian Bay in his fruitless search for a short route to the supposedly fabulously wealthy Indies. We retrace the footsteps of Marquette and LaSalle, Nicolet and Cadillac, witness the massacre of Bréboeuf, stand with DuLhut on the banks of the Kaministiquia, hear the roar of Niagara with Hennepin. We see the fur trader and the betrayed Indian, the birth of New World commerce and its baptism of blood. We climb the heights of Quebec with Wolfe, witness the struggle on the Plains of Abraham, the victor and the vanquished both lying silent in death. We watch the standard of France lowered, the flag of Britain unfurled; witness the wars of brother against brother, then the lasting peace wherein gun and sword are supplanted by plow and loom. We see the steel rails laid, the waters interlinked, the earth made to yield up her treasures—a glorious present evolved from a storied past.

Embracing in its entirety Duluth, Fort William, and Port Arthur, those busy gateways to the golden prairielands of the West; the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior; Sault Ste. Marie and the rapids of the St. Mary's River; the wooded shores of Huron; those summer playgrounds of strange contrast, Mackinac and Manitoulin; the remarkable archipelago of the Georgian Bay, with its scarcely explored thirty-two thousand islands; that busiest of world rivers, the St. Clair; the thriving city of Sarnia, with its international tunnel, oil refinery, and Huron Beach; Detroit, virile city of new American industrialism, peaceful Lake Ontario, with Toronto, "Queen City" of Canada, gracing its northern shores; that most famous of the earth's wonders, Niagara Falls, and the no less majestic Niagara Gorge; Queenston Heights, with their monument to Brock; martial Kingston; the renowned Thousand Islands; the seven rapids of the St. Lawrence, culminating with the Lachine; cosmopolitan Montreal, with her harbor and cathedrals, and her atmosphere redolent of days long gone; ancient Three Rivers, and more ancient Quebec—Quebec, foundation stone of the New World, with its Plains of Abraham, its towering escarpments, and its monuments to heroes dead; Murray Bay, with its palatial Manoir Richelieu, commanding the river from the heights above; Tadousac, oldest settlement of New France, birthplace of the fur trade, its three-century-old church still standing; and then, the indescribable Saguenay, with its lofty capes and almost fathomless depths; this surely is a voyage without a counterpart.



"The Indescribable Saguenay, with its Lofty Capes and Almost Fathomless Depths"

LAKE SUPERIOR TO THE SEA

PART I

NORTHERN
NAVIGATION
COMPANY



DULUTH, FORT WILLIAM
AND
PORT ARTHUR
TO
SARNIA AND DETROIT



“Man Has But Conquered the Outer Fringe of this Great Empire”

WE START our journey from the heart of the continent to the sea at Duluth, the most westerly terminal of the Great Lakes and the gateway to the American and Canadian Wests.

Our fellow travelers are residents of almost every state, for the water route between the East and West is grown in favor every year.

Few cities in the United States are more charmingly situated than this progressive Minnesota metropolis, and certainly no city can claim to have more religiously conserved the natural beauties with which she has been endowed.

Built on a heavily wooded promontory—stately, commanding—seeming to bespeak the growth of that great country to which it is itself the portals, Duluth rises out of the blue waters of Lake Superior like a jewel from its setting, a splendid inspiration to the creative genius of man.

Even its parks are different. With no suggestion of artificiality marring their beauty, they are bequests to posterity from the past, strongly reminiscent of the natural grandeur of the landscape in pristine days.

Then there is the famous boulevard, one of the finest in existence, which skirts the entire lake front from end to end of the city—and beyond it.

There are few panoramas in North America so inspiring as that to be gained from Duluth's famous boulevard. Immediately beneath us lies the city, with its gigantic office buildings and its throbbing industrial life, its harbor alive with activity; just beyond, the sheltered bay with its myriad pleasure craft cutting the waters; to the



"Seeming to Bespeak the Growth of the Great West"

southeast, the sister harbor of Superior and the distant Wisconsin hills; in the nearer distance, the picturesque St. Louis River completing its sinuous journey from Fond du Lac, and stretching to the horizon, limitless, all embracing, the frame in the finished picture, the blue waters of the earth's greatest inland sea.

But it is not alone for its scenic advantages that Duluth has a right to a recognized position among world cities. As a port of trade and commerce, owing to an extension of the American wheat belt and a sustained development of the steel and iron industries, it is becoming annually more important. In 1917 the Duluth-Superior harbors had a total commerce of nearly 75,000,000 tons, with an approximate aggregate value of \$500,000,000. To handle this large traffic some 11,000 vessels, with a capacity of from 3,000 to 10,000 tons each, were required. Iron ore, of which there were shipments of 50,000,000 tons, was the chief item of export, while coal,



"We Leave Duluth on the 'Noronic'"

with an aggregate tonnage of 11,000,000, was the chief incoming commodity.

Duluth is the third primary grain market in the United States, more than a million bushels a day being handled on the floor of the local board of trade in the three months of active trading. A great export business, annually increasing, has been developed, and to provide for its adequate handling, modern fireproof elevators, with a total capacity of 32,500,000 bushels, have been constructed. Wheat exports in 1912 amounted to 116,000,000 bushels.

We leave Duluth in mid-afternoon on the steamships "Noronic," "Hamonic," or "Huron," the three fine vessels in the Duluth-Sarnia service of the Northern Navigation Company.

These boats have been designed especially for Great Lakes service, and are equipped with every known device for the convenience and

safety of the passengers. They are beautifully furnished throughout, being to all intents and purposes palatial floating hotels.

Passing out of the harbor, we are afforded a splendid view of the great terminal facilities of this growing port. The ore docks especially attract us, and remind us that the iron ore deposits of this region are the greatest in the world, the Mesaba and Vermillion ranges having produced to date over 500,000,000 tons.

From the harbor we proceed to the bay by way of the Government canal, passing under the famous aerial bridge, the only structure of its character on the continent.

Skirting the shore at first, the course of our steamer is gradually diverted toward the open lake, and before long the coast line is a

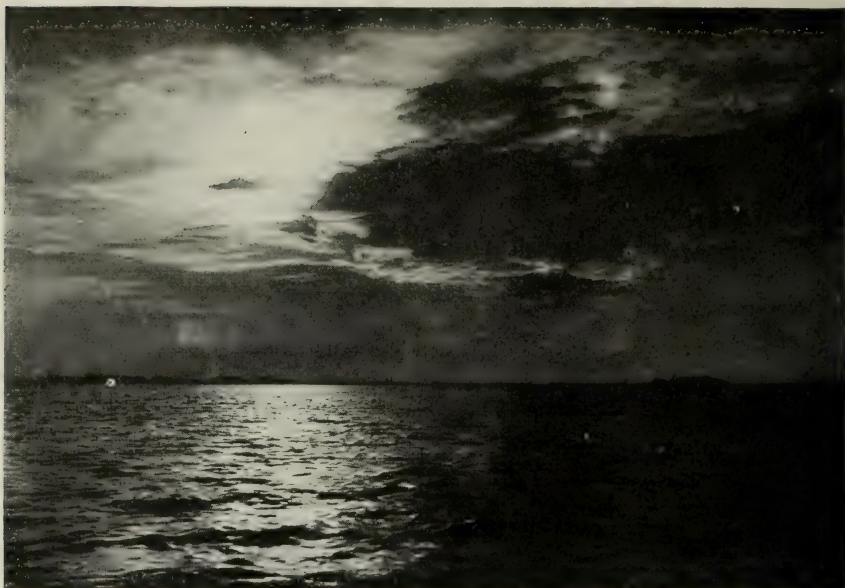


"Passing Under the Aerial Bridge"

mere fringe on the horizon—a sort of mirage, such as that which inspires the desert-lost traveler with a new, but a false hope.

By this time the first bugle for dinner has been sounded, and, our lungs cleared of the miasma of the city, we are well prepared to do hearty justice to the repast provided. Here the unwritten law of the sea permits us to make some congenial acquaintances, who introduce us to yet others, until before long we feel we know almost everyone on board. In fact, these steamers are provided with a social hostess of charming personality, whose province it is to introduce and chaperon. Then a dance or a concert is in order, after which we are served with light refreshments to fortify us against the tomorrow.

When we appear on deck in the early morning we see land on either side of us: to our right, Isle Royal, a popular fishing and



"The Coast Line Is a Mere Fringe on the Horizon"

camping resort, to our left, the towering crags of Kitchi-gama, the guardian of Thunder Bay, and, away beyond, Mount McKay, a titan figure in the light of the early morning sun.

Before long the twin cities of Fort William and Port Arthur come into view, their mighty wheat elevators lining the horizon in seemingly never-ending procession, an eloquent tribute to the wealth of the golden prairies of the Canadian West.

And seeing them, we are prone to apostrophize on the remarkable development of the Western Provinces of Canada and the growth of their most important industry.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way," was never more concretely demonstrated than in the case of Western Canada, which, only a comparatively few years ago, a vast, unsurveyed region of little immediate promise, has been divided into provinces, interlinked by railroads, peopled, and developed.

The growth of Canada's wheat industry in the last thirty years belongs really to the category of the marvelous. When the Canadian Pacific Railway reached the head of the Great Lakes from the prairies of Manitoba in 1883 the total wheat exports to all countries amounted to only a little more than 5,500,000 bushels, while in 1915 they had reached the handsome total of 350,000,000, valued at nearly \$300,000,000.

It is just three short decades since the steamship "Erin," typical Great Lakes merchantman of her day, sailed from Fort William with the first wheat ever shipped from the Canadian West by the water route; on the day navigation was declared open in the season of 1912 no less than 69 great freighters left the docks of Fort William and Port Arthur with an aggregate cargo of 12,000,000 bushels, steamed

out in almost endless procession, the greatest fleet, perhaps, that ever weighed anchor at any port on the Great Lakes.

Many, indeed, are the changes that have taken place since the "Erin" made her historic voyage. The "Erin's" cargo, for instance, was loaded with wheelbarrow and shovel; to-day cargoes are loaded at the rate of fifty thousand bushels an hour, and from elevators that have a storage capacity of from one to nine million bushels. The ships also are very different from those of the "Erin's" day, different in construction and of infinitely larger capacity. Instead of ordinary-type boats of from 10,000 to 20,000 bushels' capacity, especially designed freighters, able to carry from 75,000 to 350,000 bushels each, are in commission, the "W. Grant Morden," of the Canada Steamship Lines' great fleet, for instance, the largest freighter on the Great Lakes, having a capacity of 485,000 bushels. This leviathan of the inland seas, the largest bulk freighter on earth, by the way, can carry 15,000 tons of coal on one voyage.

Then, too, elevators have been constructed at strategical points on the eastern shores of the Great Lakes, which, in conjunction with some 3,000 interior elevators distributed throughout the wheat belt and the great ocean elevators and warehouses at Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Halifax, and Portland, afford ample facilities for the expeditious and economical handling of the crop.

The prow of our steamer is now turned into the Kaministiquia River and almost before we realize it we are moored at one of Fort William's magnificent new docks.

Fort William, as a white settlement, is almost as old as Quebec,

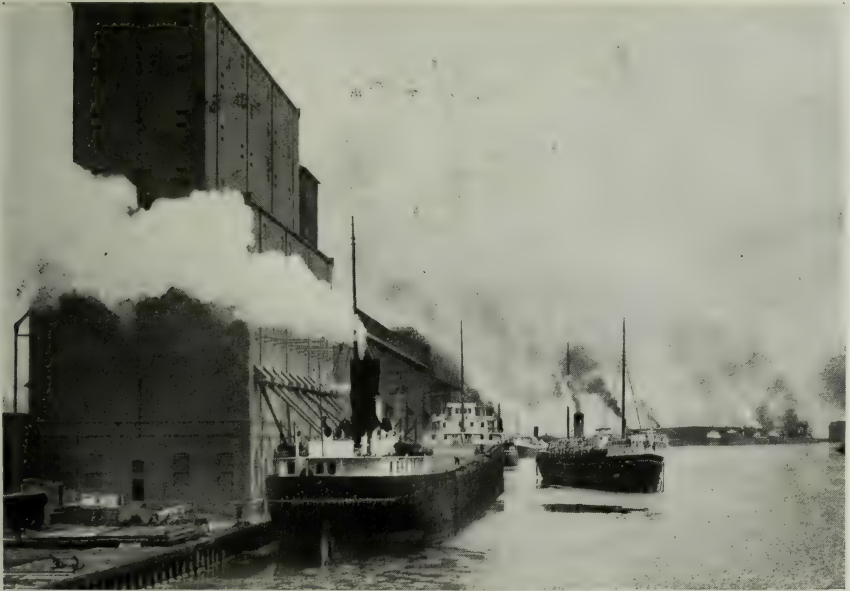


"Their Mighty Wheat Elevators Lining the Sky"



"The W. Grant Morden, of the Canada Steamship Lines' Fleet, by the way,
 Is the Largest Freight Carrier on the Great Lakes"
 Above, the Sir Trevor Dawson, Another of the Company's Giant Freighters

having been founded as a trading port in 1669 by D. G. duLhut. In 1717 the French constructed quite an imposing fort here, naming it Fort Kaministiquia. This fort was used as the base of a number of punitive expeditions against the Indians, but never loomed very largely in New World history. It was visited by Verandrye and his sons on their way to the Rainy River country and the Great Northwest in 1749, but did not become important commercially until after Canada had been surrendered to the British, when it was chosen as the headquarters of the Northwest Fur Company, the single rival of the famous Hudson's Bay corporation. In 1805 its name was changed



"To-day the Grain Is Loaded into a Vessel's Hold at the Rate of 50,000 Bushels an Hour"

to Fort William, after the given name of one of the directors of the Northwest Company, and when, in 1821, an amalgamation between the latter company and the Hudson's Bay corporation was effected, it was made the chief entrepot of what has since become the greatest fur-trading organization of all time. This honor it retained until very recent years, when an extension of the industry north and west compelled a transfer of the chief post to a point nearer the scene of operations. During its régime as the metropolis of the Canadian fur trade, Fort William displayed remarkable activity, it being recorded that in season as many as three thousand trappers and their families were wont to camp in its environs.

Although the first steam-propelled vessel to the Lower Lakes left Fort William in 1870, it was not until, with the coming of the Canadian Pacific, three years later, that the town began to attain a real importance as the commercial head of the Canadian Great Lakes.



"Sailed Out in Almost Endless Procession"

Since that time, however, it has enjoyed a steady and a sustained growth, and, with its sister city, Port Arthur, promises to be one of the chief commercial cities of the Dominion, for besides its immense shipping interests it has many large industrial plants, huge flour mills and many important wholesale establishments.

After breakfasting, most of the passengers go ashore at Fort William, spend a few hours sight-seeing, and then take conveyance or street car to Port Arthur.

Port Arthur was named after Prince Arthur, now Duke of Connaught, Governor General of Canada, by General Wolseley, who, for strategical reasons landed his punitive expedition against Riel, on the shores of what is now Port Arthur, instead of Fort William. It has had a remarkable growth since then, much accentuated by the entrance to its gates of the Canadian Northern, Canada's third great transcontinental system, the rapidity of that growth being eloquently demonstrated by the census figures, which showed a gain from 2,500, in 1900, to 17,000 in 1910. Its present population is estimated at about 25,000.

Boasting the largest consolidated grain elevator in the world, that of the Canadian Northern System, with a capacity of 9,500,000 bushels, Port Arthur has also the most modern ore and coal dock on the Canadian Great Lakes. This dock can discharge at the rate of a thousand tons an hour and load considerably faster. At Port Arthur also is located the great plant of the Western Drydock & Shipbuilding Company, the Canadian subsidiary of the American Shipbuilding Company, of Cleveland. It was at this plant that both



"How Small, Indeed, Man and His Works"

the "Noronic" and the "W. Grant Morden" were constructed. In connection with the shipyard is a seven-hundred-foot drydock, capable of accommodating the largest ship on the Great Lakes.

Both Port Arthur and Fort William are becoming annually more important as commercial centers, and the time would not seem to be far distant when, together, these cities will form one of the largest centers on the continent. Their strategical position in relation to Canadian trade routes, and their contiguity to the great Superior ore beds, alone guarantees them a tremendous industrial future, and when to these advantages are added cheap fuel and an almost inexhaustible supply of hydro-electric energy, that future would seem to be doubly assured.

Within fifty miles of Fort William and Port Arthur there is said to be an approximate potential energy of at least a million horsepower, all but fifty thousand of which is now going to waste, while Ohio coal can be laid down for a water freight charge of 30 cents a ton, as compared with 65 cents a ton at Toronto, for instance. Add to these, cheap water transportation and a short rail haul to the West, and one will have some idea of the industrial promise of these favorably located cities.

We leave Port Arthur at about the same time we left Duluth, on the day before, our numbers augmented by travelers and tourists from western Canadian points, with no small number from the American Western States, who have come by the Canadian trans-continental route.

On our way from the harbor to Thunder Bay we are afforded a splendid panoramic view of the modern terminal facilities of the

twin cities, and we have little difficulty in appreciating the fact that the Dominion Government has expended over \$50,000,000 in making the Canadian head of the Great Lakes fully able to play its destined part in the upbuilding of the country.

Our course now lies through the narrow channel that gives access to the lake beyond, and before very long, the last vestige of civilization left behind, we find ourselves hemmed in by the mammoth basaltic rocks of Thunder Bay. To our left lies Thunder Cape, with its prostrate image of Hiawatha; to our right, the rugged shores of Pie Island and Isle Royal, behind us the no less rugged shores of the mainland, with Mount McKay in striking silhouette.

A feeling of awe creeps over us as we look upon these mighty



"The Rapids of the St. Mary's River"

monuments to the handiwork of Nature, making us feel how small, indeed, are man and his works in contradistinction. For how many untold centuries, we ask ourselves intuitively, have these towering crags withstood the ravages of time? How many other civilizations may they not have outlived? How many more eras may come and go before they themselves have crumbled away?

Another evening of entertainment, another refreshing sleep, and next morning, having passed through Whitefish Bay, we are sailing down the beautiful St. Mary's River, and soon afterward are in the famous Canadian Sault Ste. Marie Canal.

Nine hundred feet in length, this canal when opened was the longest single lock waterway in the world, but since then the American Government has placed the Poe Passage in commission, which has



"We Are in the Famous Canadian Sault Canal"

a length of over 1,100 feet. The Soo canals now accommodate ships drawing eighteen feet of water, which is the present limit of Great Lakes carriers. It is understood, however, that this depth is to be increased to twenty-five feet, in time for the opening of the new Welland Ship Canal between Lakes Erie and Ontario, which is being built to accommodate vessels of that draft; the Welland Ship Canal, by the way, being one of the greatest engineering feats of the day, the lift of the locks being greater than those of Panama.

The Sault Ste. Marie Canal, which was opened to navigation in 1897 at a cost of \$5,000,000, is the first of a comprehensive chain of canals that link the Canadian West to tidewater, via the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence. Lake Superior is 553 feet above sea level, and to overcome this, seventy-five miles of canals have been constructed, and a great deal of straightening and dredging undertaken. Altogether a hundred million dollars have been expended on the work, and before present contemplated improvements have been consummated, at least twice that sum will have been laid out. The work represents more than a century of effort, but to-day a freighter can travel from Fort William or Port Arthur to the sea in less than a week, and all the way in Canadian waters, whereas, had these canals not been built, the many portages would have made the journey a trip of at least a month.

This wonderful water highway, free to all, provides a twenty-one-foot channel from the head of the Lakes to Port Colborne, the Erie entrance to the Welland Canal, and a fourteen-foot channel the balance of the way, affording water transportation for 3,000-ton vessels from the Upper Lakes to Montreal, and for 12,000-ton vessels as far east



"The First of a Comprehensive Chain that Links the Canadian West to Tidewater"



"Built at a Cost of \$5,000,000"

as Port Colborne, meaning a water route for freight from the western end of Lake Superior to Europe, with but a single transfer.

Passing out of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, which, in the season of 1912-13, locked 3,279 vessels and carried an aggregate freight of approximately forty-two million tons, or a figure larger than that of the famous Suez waterway, we dock at Sault Ste. Marie, one of the oldest settlements in the Dominion, and rapidly becoming an important industrial center. Here are located the great works of the Superior Corporation, and across the river, on the American side, the huge plant of the Union Carbide Company, where is manufactured calcium carbide, the basic source of acetylene, now used so extensively for lighting and other purposes, both of these plants having been made possible by the great hydro-electric power development of the rapids of the St. Mary's River.

Sault Ste. Marie is one of the most historic towns in Canada. Here, in 1668, Pere Marquette established the first Jesuit mission in the New World, and here, one year later, arrived Fathers de Casson and de Galinee, priests of the Sulpician Seminary of Montreal, the first white men to travel from Lower Canada to Lake Superior by way of the River St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. It was at Sault Ste. Marie, too, that, on June 26, 1671, Daumont de St. Sussen, Intendant Talon's plenipotentiary extraordinary, annexed to France, amid great pomp and ceremony, all that vast territory north of Mexico and west of the Alleghenies.

Leaving the Sault for Sarnia, we have a delightful sail down the St. Mary's River, which traverses a pastoral landscape of restful



"We Have a Delightful Sail down the St. Mary's River"



"Soon Detroit Itself Comes Into View"



"We Are Tying Up at the Grand Trunk Docks"

charm, very different from that of the afternoon before. When night falls we are all well out on Lake Huron, and by sunrise next morning are nearing the St. Clair River, said to be, in point of the number of vessels utilizing it, the busiest waterway on earth. It is an inspiring sight that greets us as we approach the entrance to this peaceful little stream. On every side steam the mighty leviathans of commerce, harbingers of world peace, seeming to represent the concrete links in the chain that binds the United States and Canada in an inseparable bond of commercial intercourse, and one that promises to be more permanently welded as the years go by. Merchant ships instead of warships—is that not the real secret of our hundred years of peace?

Soon Lake Huron has been left behind, the river itself entered,

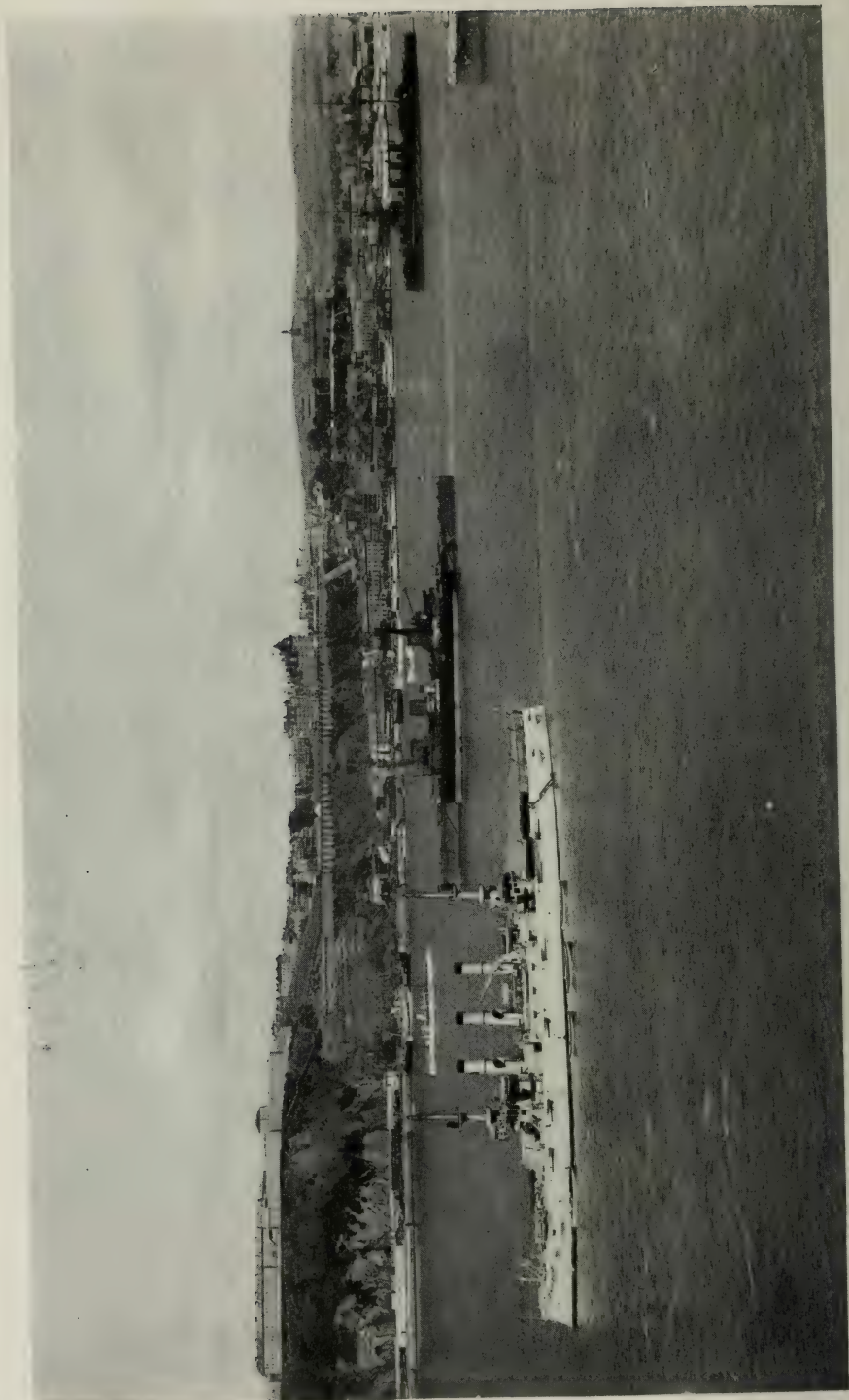


"We Are Moored at Sarnia's Magnificent Modern Terminals"

and in a little while we are moored at Sarnia's magnificent modern terminals. Here we can take the Grand Trunk Railway to Toronto direct—the train meets the boat—or proceed there by way of Detroit or Windsor, having at those places the choice of rail or water routes.

Should we elect the latter, we leave Sarnia and proceed swiftly down the St. Clair River, cross Lake St. Clair—with its lovely Little Venice and numerous summer colonies, and sail down the Detroit, having, en route, a splendid view of that unrivaled resort, Belle Isle.

Soon Detroit itself comes into view—Detroit, the magic city, eloquent monument to American business ingenuity—and shortly afterward we are tying up at the Grand Trunk docks.



"Quebec, Cradle of New France, Mother of All Canadian Cities"

PART II

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES DIVISION



NIAGARA FALLS, TORONTO,
LAKE ONTARIO AND ROCHESTER
TO

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS,
RAPIDS OF ST. LAWRENCE
MONTREAL, QUEBEC AND
THE FAR-FAMED SAGUENAY



"In the Relentless War of Annihilation against the Rocks of Time"

FOR THE second part of the voyage, from Lake Superior to the Saguenay, we board the steamer at Lewiston, Queenston or Niagara on the Lake, first paying a visit to the mighty natural phenomenon that in awe-inspiring magnitude, overpowering immensity, and scenic grandeur towers above the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the man-conceived cathedrals of Europe, the Temple of Solomon, and all the mythical institutions of legendary.

Niagara is, indeed, the most sublime of all Nature's handiwork. Such haughty grandeur, such riot of coloring, such compelling beauty, such strength of character, its like is to be found only in the galleries of the gods.

As we stand at the foot of the mighty cataract, we are indeed inspired and awed—awed at its terrible potency, inspired by the lesson it seems to convey. Strange and conflicting are our emotions. Reason seems to desert us. Man prescribed laws, geographical axioms, scientific wherefores are at naught. Evolution has no place in our mental vision. All we can see is Niagara, the awful, carrying on his perpetual warfare; all we can hear is the voice of the "Mighty Thunderer," never to be stilled.

The sun is momentarily obscured, the waters lose for a trice the glorious colors his light bestows, we see and hear nothing but the relentless falling of the waters that hurl themselves across the yawning chasm with a power omnipotent, a force not to be assuaged.

But of a sudden the sun bursts forth in all the glory of a summer afternoon, and the whole aspect of the scene is changed. Gloom and despair are overridden by a boundless joy, the all-dispelling joy



Copyright by Landreth, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

"Niagara Is, Indeed, the Most Sublime of All Nature's Handiwork"

of Nature. True, the waters still hurl themselves headlong to the awful depths below; true, the terrible chasm still yawns for its lawful prey; true, the voice of the "Mighty Thunderer" still echoes from the untold depths, but those waters seem now to scintillate with a thousand crystals, to reflect strange colors and weird phantom shapes, to dance with a new-born impetus; that chasm seems to yawn less ominously, the voice of the "Thunderer" to speak with a cadence strikingly musical, and as the mist created by the fall rises snow-like to the sky, a veritable burnt offering, crowning the cataract with a glorious double rainbow, emblematic of victory and peace, the waters themselves glide off down the river, clear as crystal, yet verdant as the meadowland, smooth as glass, yet turbulent as the mighty torrent that impels them—glide off down the river in the besetting peacefulness that marks the period of calm that precedes the storm, off down the narrowing gorge to be lost in the vortex of the rapids.

We look into the face of the abyss, observe the mighty onrushing of the waters, and watch them in their terrible leap, and we, too, like the untutored Indian of centuries gone by, seem to discover the Spirit of Niagara, seem to hear the voice of the "Mighty Thunderer"—the "Mighty Thunderer" who gives no truce, brooks no armistice, in his relentless war of annihilation against the rocks of time.

We are as one entranced. We are held mute as in the presence of one unseen. We are as one standing on forbidden ground. The majesty of the cataract overpowers us, the shades of the Great Spirit seem to hold us in their embrace. We are as one with the poor



“But Those Waters Seem Now to Scintillate with a Thousand Crystals”

red man. Instinctively we see the Indian maid in her flower-bedecked canoe approach the apex of the Falls, her body erect, her demeanor, courageous, her face to the sky; approach the apex, then go over, crowned with a celestial glory, a willing sacrifice to the "Mighty Thunderer."

And then we experience a transition, a transition that reveals to us the growing divinity of man. The Indian maiden and her flower-bedecked canoe are no more; her sacrifice is but a fantastic vision of the horizon of yesterday. The hunting grounds of her fathers are peopled by a new race of strong, virile men. Masterly and purposeful they are, and, secure in their creed of divine right, they know no fear, bow only to God. To them the earth is their destiny, the things of the earth their heritage; this wonderful natural phenomenon but a potent natural force to be brought under human control.

From Niagara Falls, after having visited the Cave of the Winds, Goat Island, Prospect Park, Luna Island, the Hermits' Cascade, the Three Sisters and Little Brother Islands, Split and Table Rocks, the Queen Victoria Memorial Park, the Devil's Hole, scene of the awful Seneca Massacre, of the huge power houses, and countless other places of interest, we proceed to Lewiston by way of the Great Gorge Route or New York Central Railroad, or to Queenston, Ont., via the International Railway or Michigan Central.

The Niagara Gorge is one of the finest examples of erosion in America. Its almost perpendicular palisades, cut from the solid rock by time, the master sculptor, the stately pines that stand sentinel along its banks, its ever-changing, varicolored waters, its broken rocks, the quaint fishing traps that peep out intermittently along its shores—they must, once seen, forever silhouette themselves on our mental horizon, a picture too realistic to be erased.

The journey down the Gorge soon ends and we board the "Cayuga," "Corona," or "Chippewa," for the trip down the Niagara River and across Lake Ontario to Toronto.

As one of the wonders of Nature, the Niagara River is unique. Less than thirty-six miles in length, it is insignificant in size among



"Leaving Lewiston on the 'Cayuga'"



"Cut from the Solid Rock by Time, the Master Sculptor"



"The King Edward Hotel, Toronto's Most Modern Hostelry"

world rivers, but bearing upon its bosom the waters of four of the five Great Lakes, assisting in the draining of an enormous territory, it becomes, *ipso facto*, a mighty factor in the geography of a continent.

It is, indeed, a stream of extraordinary divergencies. When it leaves Lake Erie it is only three-quarters of a mile wide, and its currents are quite swift. Then it broadens out to more than two miles and a half, embracing, in its course, Grand and a number of lesser islands, and flowing as peacefully as a Louisiana bayou until within two miles of the Falls, where it begins to feel the effect of the cataract. A little less than a mile above the Falls it narrows perceptibly, forming the Upper Rapids. From this point it becomes the turbulent river that has made it famous throughout the



"Among Toronto's Public Buildings Are the Houses of Parliament"

world, dropping fifty-two feet to the mile before taking its headlong plunges of 165 and 159 feet over the American and Canadian Falls, respectively. The plunge negotiated, it broadens once more, flowing fairly smoothly until the Lower, or Whirlpool, Rapids are reached, when, with an abounding fury and a turbulent magnificence, it rushes headlong down the Gorge until it reaches Lewiston, where it continues on a fairly even course to Lake Ontario.

There are few more delightful two-hour sails than this river and lake voyage to Toronto.

Short as it is, this is one of the most impressive portions of our journey, the banks, which, at the start, towered above us, the precipitous escarpments that give to the Niagara Gorge so distinctive



"More than \$2,500,000 Have Been Expended on Its Permanent Buildings"

a charm, undergo a gradual but swift metamorphosis, until, by the time we reach Lake Ontario, they hardly rise above the waters. Crowning the banks are splendid forests of pine and spruce, with here and there a fruit farm or some other habitation, fitting into the landscape with perfect harmony, while behind us, commanding the surrounding country from the topmost heights, the monument to Brock seems always to frown.

Sailing steadily onward, we cross the most peaceful of the Great Lakes, and almost ere we know it are within sight.

Passing into the harbor, we are afforded a splendid view of the extensive improvements that are being undertaken by the city, at a cost of over \$20,000,000, to provide better terminal facilities, additional protected anchorage, and a comprehensive scheme of esthetic development.

Beautifully situated on the northern shores of Lake Ontario, Toronto has been christened "The Queen City of Canada"—and it well deserves the appellation, for although essentially a manufacturing city, its thousand-odd plants having an approximate output of \$150,000,000, it has been so well planned that the industrial seldom protrudes, and to the visitor the city presents a front of broad, well-paved streets, splendid buildings and well-planned parks.

Its facilities for sport are unlimited, the River Humber bordering its extreme western limits, the Don flowing through its eastern section, and its entire front being washed by Toronto Bay or Lake Ontario. It has many favorably located parks, affording ample provision for



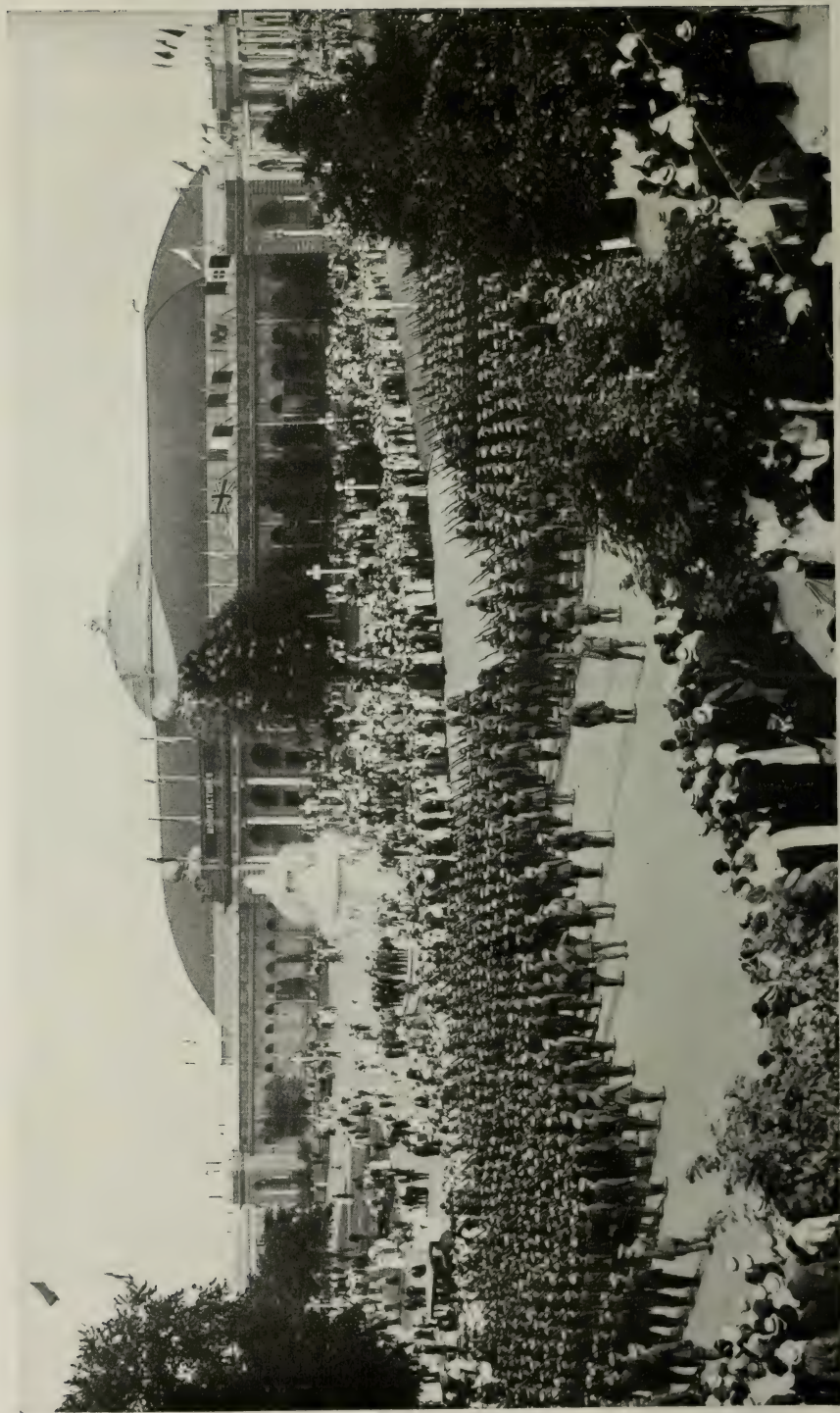
"The City Hall, an Expressive Example of the Gothic"

all forms of outdoor sport, while for the race lover, there are Woodbine, Dufferin, and Hillcrest parks, the first named being one of the most famous race tracks on the continent.

Toronto's educational and musical institutions attract students from every part of the Dominion and from the United States. Her most famous hall of learning is Toronto University, founded by Royal Charter in 1827.

The City Hall, an expressive example of the Gothic, is one of the finest municipal buildings on the continent, the clock in its tower, constructed in England, being one of the largest in the world.

As the home of the municipally controlled Canadian National Exhibition, which attracts over a million visitors a year, Toronto has a world-wide fame. More than \$2,500,000 have been expended in the permanent buildings that house the various exhibits, and the event has been a mighty factor in the development of the agriculture, not only of the Province of Ontario but of the Dominion as a whole.



The Toronto Exhibition. "The Canadian National Exhibition Attracts Over a Million Visitors a Year"

A TWO-HOUR SAIL from Toronto by the swift, modern steamers of the Hamilton Division of the Canada Steamship Lines' fleet, lies the thriving city of Hamilton, the second city of Ontario, in picturesque seclusion on the protected shores of Burlington Bay.

Industrially speaking, Hamilton is the Pittsburgh of Canada, its great steel mills and other manufacturing plants sharing growth with the Dominion.

Here are located the largest steel rolling mills, plow, and agricultural implement works under the British flag, and innumerable other industries, four hundred, all told, each contributing to the great pioneer work of Canadian development, and constituting in the aggregate the most important essentially industrial scheme in the confederacy.



"The Thriving City of Hamilton"

Five miles from Hamilton, along the bar that separates the bay from the lake beyond, is Burlington Beach, the rendezvous of the local summer colony, and the active center for most of the aquatic sports. Here is located the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club headquarters, some five hundred cottages, and a large number of pleasure retreats.

From Hamilton radiate many electric lines, enabling the visitor to visit, at will, the beautiful pastoral country of which the city is the center.

LEAVING Toronto for Montreal, we board the "Toronto" or "Kingston" and sail across the lake to Rochester, our first stop, an important manufacturing center of more than 250,000 population, and one of New York State's most beautiful and progressive municipalities. The home of the famous Kodak, Rochester is the world's headquarters for every character of photographic supplies. It is also known as the "Flower City," from the fact that it is the chief seed center of North America.

Near Rochester are Genesee Falls, Ontario Beach, Windsor Beach, Sea Breeze, Irondequoit Bay, and a number of other well-known resorts.

We leave Rochester at ten o'clock and, after a night's sail, arrive at Kingston, one of Canada's three distinctively military towns.

In the dim light of early morning Kingston, "The Limestone City," with its gray stone ramparts, its grim martello towers, and its sentineled penitentiary walls, has a somewhat austere appearance, taking one back to the days of Frontenac, when this stronghold at the portals of the Great River was so important a factor in the sanguinary struggle between the French pioneer and his implacable Iroquois foe. But on nearer approach this effect is dispelled, for rising on every hand, side by side with these martial relics, are the more inspiring monuments to a century of peace—the college hall, the church, the factory, the home, the wheat elevator, and the dock, the whole hemmed in on every side by the once primeval forest, its giant members enshrouding even the city itself in a mantle of glorious green.



"We Leave Toronto on the Steamer That Bears the Name of That Progressive City"



"Over the Whole Region There Seems to Cling a Latent Charm"

Kingston was founded as a trading station under the name of Cataraqui, the river on which it is situated, about the middle of the Seventeenth Century, and, a few years later, in 1673, Frontenac, one of the greatest soldiers of his time, selected the site for a fort, conferring upon it his own name, and appointing as its commandant the redoubtable explorer, LaSalle. It was at Fort Frontenac that La Salle constructed the first vessel to navigate the waters of Lake Ontario.

Fort Frontenac was destroyed by the Iroquois in 1693 and its inhabitants massacred. Rebuilt two years later, it underwent many vicissitudes in the struggle between England and France, being in the hands of one or the other according to the fortunes of war. It was ceded to England in 1761, after the final treaty of peace, and the fort itself, which had been completely destroyed in 1758, was rebuilt in 1812 as Fort Henry.

Kingston received its name from Empire Loyalists who settled here after the Revolutionary War. In the War of 1812 it was the rendezvous and chief naval base of the British fleet operating in Lake Ontario, and since that time it has continued to be an important military post. To-day Fort Henry is garrisoned by Canadian regulars.

Leaving Kingston behind us, we sail past Fort Henry and enter that part of the St. Lawrence known as the Lake of the Thousand Islands—Manatoana, the Garden of the Great Spirit.

It is no stretch of the imagination to say that few on board are prepared for the magnificent kaleidoscopic view that is thrust so suddenly upon us, as, rounding Wolfe's Island, we enter the very heart of the world's most famous fresh-water archipelago. As far



"They Encompass Us Round About on Every Side"



"The Privately Owned Island of Some Modern Croesus"

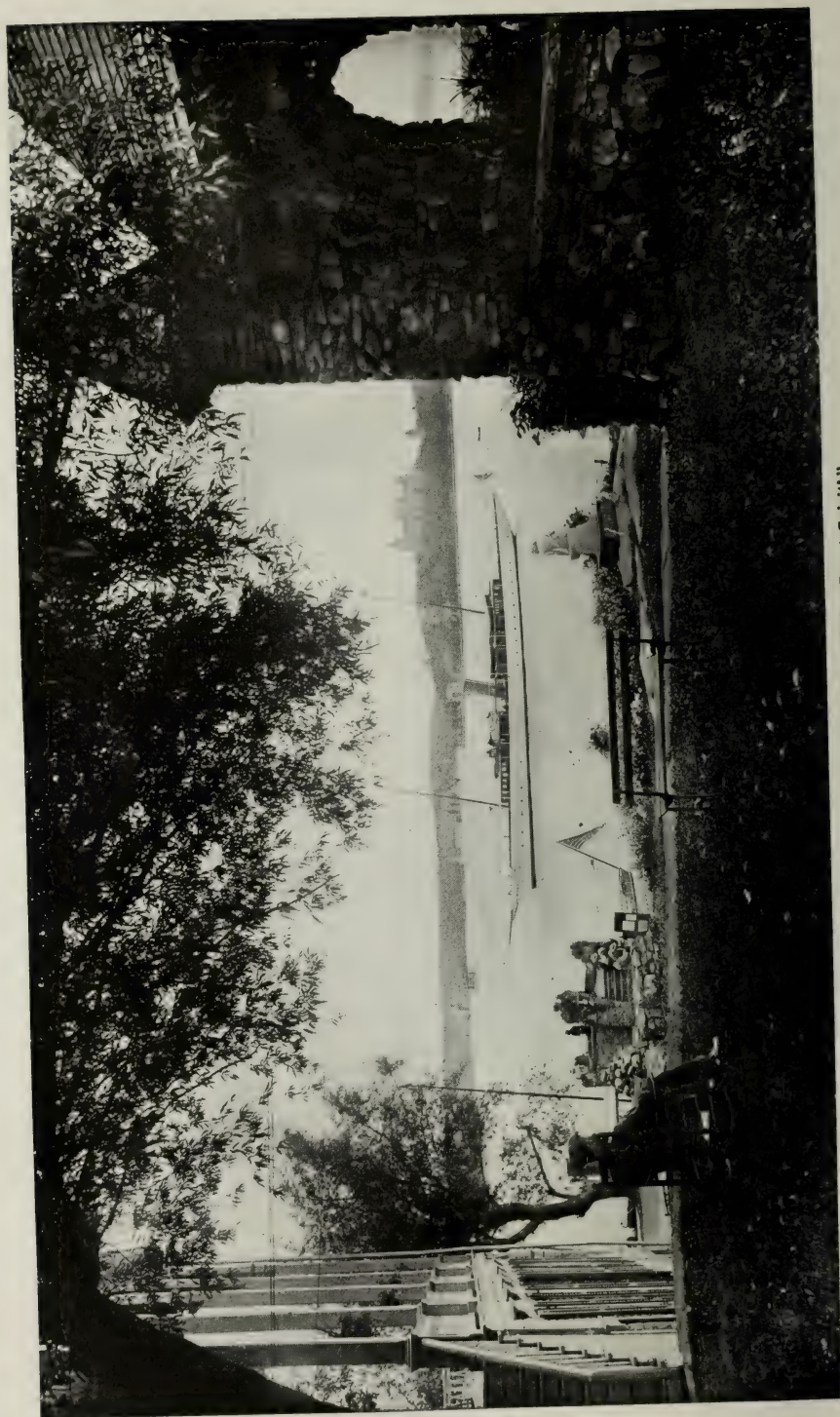
as the eye can reach, island upon island rise from the crystal waters, jewels in a studded bracelet, or fairy oases in a desert of snow. Islands are everywhere. They encompass us round about on every side. They seem to float by us in a never-ending procession. They stretch away to the front of us, and trail far to our stern.

And yet there is no monotony to the landscape. For this is a region of a thousand moods. Nothing seems to be quite the same as that which preceded it. Now, perchance, we sail past the privately owned island of some modern Croesus, terraced in a winding succession of steps with a myriad varicolored flowers, and crowned with a villa that well might be some feudal castle of the Old World; now another, whose varied charm has brought about its preemption by the Government; now one on whose wooded shores rises a palatial summer hotel; now, a less pretentious isle, barely large enough to provide the foundation for the bungalow that almost overshadows it; now by ornamental bridge, or by bridge of rock that even the elements have not been able to wear away, and, ever and anon, by some primitive isle that seems to have been overlooked by the iconoclast. Pleasure craft, from noble yacht to humble birch-bark canoe, flit by us on every side, and in the more sequestered places we catch a glimpse of the angler plying his patient calling as though out of touch altogether with the world. And over the whole region there seems to cling a latent charm—a charm that has in it the echo of exquisite music, such as that which Evangeline left in her wake as she passed down the village street.

It is, too, a region rich in historic interest, redolent of tradition. Before the coming of the white man, this was the summer playground



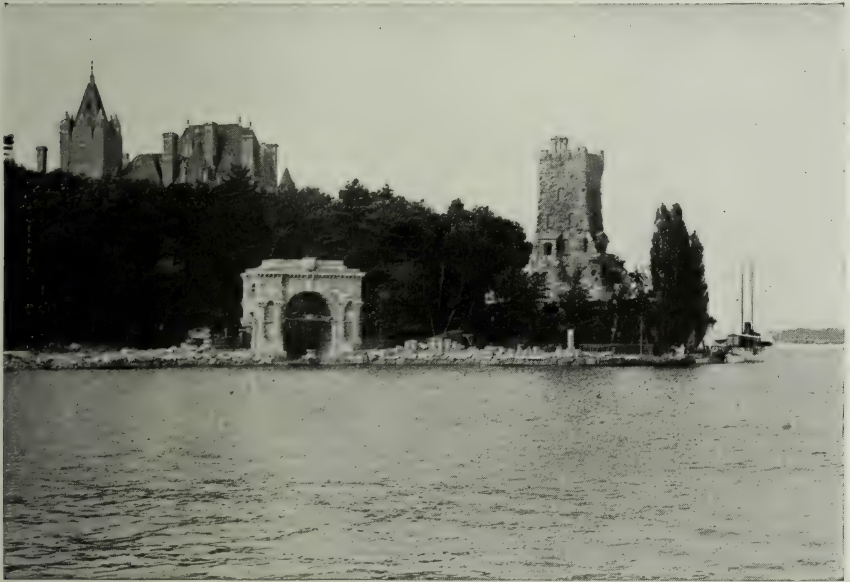
"Some Primitive Island That Seems to Have Been Overlooked by the Iconoclast"



"We Enter Manatoana, the 'Garden of the Great Spirit'"

of the Iroquois. Here, says tradition, the mighty Hiawatha met the two dusky Onondagas and counseled the alliance of the Six Nations, and although Longfellow does not make it so the Lake of the Thousand Islands well might have been Minnehaha—Minnehaha, "Laughing Water," iridescent in the light of a Canadian summer morn, ever-sparkling, ever-changeful Minnehaha; Minnehaha well named.

Among these islands, also, is the famous Lost Channel, where in 1758 the British under Lord Amherst, on their way from Oswego to Montreal, entered the channel by error and were ambushed by the French and their Huron allies. They emerged victorious, but a



"A Villa That Well Might Be Some Feudal Castle of the Old World"

small boat, containing coxswain and crew, never found its way out, hence its name.

Then there is Carleton Island, the rendezvous of Thayendaneagea, the terrible chief of the Six Nations who fomented the bloody massacres of Cherry Valley, the Cedars and Stony Arabia. It was from this island, also, that the midnight raid on Deerfield, Mass., for the recovery of the Bell of St. Regis, was made. A fort was erected on the island at the close of the Eighteenth Century, known as Fort Carleton to the French, and Fort Haldimand to the British. In the Revolutionary War, Carleton Island was a popular refuge for the Tories of New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey.

Another famous island is the Devil's Oven, where "Bill" Johnston, the "patriot" or "pirate" of the Thousand Islands, according to the point of view, and his heroic daughter, "Kate," found shelter from their pursuers. Yet another is Lost Lover Island, where the

Indian maid, on her fruitless search for her unfaithful lover, was drowned, and still one more, Dark Island, where, in the War of 1812, the Frigate "Ensign" was scuttled and sunk with a loss of ninety lives.

Our first stop after leaving Kingston is Clayton, frequently called the "Gateway to the Thousand Islands," and a very popular resort.

We then proceed to Alexandria Bay, passing Frontenac Island, with its beautiful summer homes; Wellesley Island, the site of Thousand Island Park; Peel Dock, where the steamer "Sir Robert Peel" was burned by Johnston in 1838; Fishers' Landing, Jolly Oaks, and St. Lawrence Park.

Alexandria Bay is the Saratoga of the Frontier, its shores, and the



"It Is a Scene That Invites Us to Linger"

shores of the innumerable islands that encompass it, being studded with fashionable hotels and beautiful private villas. Here, each year, assemble many of the leaders of the very best society in the United States and Canada and hundreds of prominent people from other lands.

Alexandria Bay is left behind us, and soon the prow of our vessel is once more winding in and out of this wonderful island labyrinth.

The Summerland Group is left behind, then Grenadier Island, and, almost before we realize it, the Three Sisters, the last of the archipelago, are far to our stern, and Brockville, a thriving manufacturing town, named after the hero of the War of 1812, is reached.

From Brockville we proceed to Prescott, the burial place of Barbara Heck, one of the founders of Methodism, where we change to the "Rapids Prince" or "Rapids Queen," especially constructed observation steamers, for the trip to Montreal.



"The Voyage Brings a Sense of Peaceful Content"

Passing out of Prescott Harbor, we are afforded a fine view of the lighthouse, once the old windmill where, in 1837, a body of "patriots," under Von Schultz, the Polish exile, held out for some days against the Canadian troops. Von Schultz was subsequently captured and hanged.

A little below, on the American side of the river, we catch a glimpse of the city of Ogdensburg, the site of the Onondaga mission founded by the Sulpicians in 1749, under the name of LaPresentation.

Shortly after this the waters that for so long have flowed as peacefully as the gentle brook through the meadow receive a sudden impetus, as though impelled forward by an unseen force, much as the child who has lingered too long among pleasant scenes is hastened homeward by the falling shadows, and in the space of a few moments, so it seems, the river has undergone a complete change—the first of the rapids, the Galops, have been encountered.

If the voyage through the lake of the Thousand Islands brought a sense of peaceful content, the journey down these rapids brings a feeling of buoyant exhilaration. For it is as though our boat, by some strange transition, had been suddenly transplanted from calm lake to angry sea, whose billows rise above the rugged rocks, and waves break in mountains of spray. The rocks seem to rise in the very path of our ship, as though to bar our progress, are safely passed and left far behind. The waters lurch for their prey, and roll back in defeat, until before long, emerging like a conqueror from a field of battle, our ship is riding once more in calm waters.

Leaving the village of Cardinal, with its huge starch mill, to our left, we sail steadily onward, and in about an hour's time pass

through the Rapids du Plat, and shortly afterward commence the descent of the rapids of the Long Sault.

Nine miles in length, the rapids of the Long Sault are the most considerable of all of the graduated waterfalls of the St. Lawrence. Storm-tossed and wild, and traversing an island-studded region of extraordinary beauty, these rapids swirl onward with terrific speed, like an angry monarch who will not be denied, and our boat travels with them, impelled almost entirely by the current, at an approximate speed of twenty miles an hour. And yet, to look upon the waters that face us in a succession of huge waves, for all like the giant combers of some rockbound coast, it would appear that we were progressing in spite of them, that our advance was the victory of contest, the prowess of the superhuman over the natural.

Approaching the foot of the rapids, we pass, on the left, Sheiks Island and Barnharts Island, on the right, and for seven miles we look out upon United States territory from both sides—this peculiar condition having been created through an error of the King of Holland in delineating the international channel in his capacity as arbitrator of the Treaty of 1812.

Having shot the Long Sault, we reach Cornwall, where the international boundary veers to the southward, and the St. Lawrence becomes an essentially Canadian stream.

Cornwall, a growing manufacturing town of 7,500 population, is situated at the head of the Cornwall Canal, by which the rapids of the Long Sault are surmounted. It has unlimited power, promising it a great future as a manufacturing center. Its most important industry is the manufacture of cotton. It is said to be the smallest town in Canada with a street railway.



"As Though Our Boat Had Been Transplanted from Calm Lake to Angry Sea"



"Then We Enjoy a Few Minutes of Tranquillity"

Opposite Cornwall is the Indian reservation, St. Regis, in the Province of Quebec.

Leaving Cornwall, we pass Stanley Island, a summer resort, and enjoy a twenty-eight-mile sail on beautiful Lake St. Francis, which affords us a splendid panorama of the surrounding country, embracing the pastoral valley of the St. Lawrence, the foothills of the Laurentians, and the distant Adirondacks. The institution on the southern shores of the lake is the Convent of St. Anastasius.

Emerging from Lake St. Francis, we pass under the fine steel bridge of the Grand Trunk Railway at Coteau Landing, and shortly afterward commence the descent of the Coteau Rapids. Then we enjoy a few moments of tranquillity, our course running between the wooded banks of the mainland on the north, and the green shores of Grand Isle, on the south, but the waters soon grow turbulent once more, and we are rushing headlong down the Cedar Rapids, more beautiful, perhaps, than even the Lachine.

Enchantingly exquisite is the scenery at this stage of our journey. Sparklingly clear, yet extraordinarily translucent, the waters of the Cedars dance with rhythmic whirl and glorious abandon, hurling themselves against and over the ragged rocks, through which our boat is deftly steered, running of her own momentum at a speed of nearly thirty miles an hour—just such a region as the Lake of the Thousand Islands must have been when naught but dusky Onondaga disturbed its pristine silence.

But even here the dominion of man asserts itself, for here and there we see the manifestations of his handiwork—mighty power houses, transmission lines, and peaceful villages, and, almost always

in view, the Soulanges Canal, which carries our own ship on her westward voyage, its banks rising above the general level of the river like some levee in the Mississippi Delta.

Swiftly we slip by the picturesque little village of Cedars, its church spire reflecting back the summer sun, and a few moments later are shooting the Split Rock Rapids, from where we have a good view of the village of St. Timothee, on the old Beauharnois Canal, which, superseded by the Soulanges, is now used only for power. The navigable channel of the Split Rock Rapids is extremely narrow, and, being bordered on either side by broken rock, is most difficult to navigate, but we pass through it in safety, and a moment later enter the Cascades, the two being really joined.

After passing through the Cascades, we leave behind, in succession, Melocheville, at the foot of the Beauharnois Canal, and the village of Beauharnois itself, its two-steeped church appearing very prominent in such a pastoral landscape, obtaining about this time our first view of Mount Royal, at whose foot rises the chief metropolis of the Dominion of Canada. Here we pass into Lake St. Louis, where the waters of the Ottawa, divided by Ile Perrault, meet those of the St. Lawrence, the murky brown of the former in striking contrast to the turquoise blue of the latter.

The two rivers flow side by side for a space, then the greater stream absorbs the smaller, the deep blue predominates once more, and Lachine comes into view.

Lachine, originally called St. Sulpice, was established on feudal lands presented to LaSalle by the Sulpician Fathers of Ville-Marie



"And a Few Moments Later Are Shooting the Split Rock Rapids"



"The Most Famous Navigable Rapids in the World"

(Montreal), its name being changed in a spirit of derision to commemorate the famous explorer's abortive attempt to reach China by way of the St. Lawrence. In 1689 it was captured and destroyed by the Indians, and all of its inhabitants massacred. Before the opening of the Lachine Canal, in 1825, Lachine was a very important point, all merchandise up and down the river being transferred within its gates. Of late, through the development of the hydro-electric possibilities of the rapids, it has become quite an important manufacturing center, and has regained much of its pristine commercial importance.

Opposite Lachine is Caughnawaga, founded in 1721, as a walled city, and now an Iroquois reservation.

Lachine is reached and passed, and about fifteen minutes later we are descending the famous Lachine Rapids.

Falling fifty-six feet in their course of less than two miles, and possessing the most intricate and winding channel of all of the remarkable series, the ridges of rock rising alternately to left and right, the Lachine Rapids are navigated safely only through the exercise of consummate skill. But this skill is an accepted condition, for nowhere in the world, perhaps, can be found a more skillful navigator than the pilot of the St. Lawrence.

Sailing downward, we experience a delightful sense of exhilaration, occasioned partly by the really perceptible feeling of descent, and to a degree by the appearance of the broken rocks and surging waters.

Passing under the Victoria Jubilee Bridge, the greatest engineering feat of its day, we leave the heavily wooded shores of Nuns' Island



"A View of Canada's Metropolis with the Bank of Montreal in the Foreground"

behind us and steam into the magnificent harbor of Montreal, the metropolis of Canada, and one of the greatest seaports on the continent.

There have been many cities in America that have grown up in the last century, magnificent tributes to our civilization, but few, indeed, that have undergone such revolutionary changes as the romantic old city of Montreal, which, under two flags, has played so important a role in New World history.

Although visited by Jacques Cartier in 1535, Montreal was not founded until more than a century later, when Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, established, on behalf of the Montreal Company, the religious community of Ville-Marie, which its sponsors fondly hoped was destined to become a "Kingdom of God in the New World."

From its foundation, Ville-Marie had a checkered career, its first inhabitants suffering terrible hardships and living in constant dread of the Iroquois. In the very first brush with these dreaded foes, indeed, Maisonneuve himself nearly lost his life. The improvised fort was besieged, and, against his advice, his followers insisted on making a sortie against the enemy, relying on superiority of weapons for certain victory. Unaccustomed to Indian warfare, however, and impeded by the deep snow, they sustained heavy losses, and regained the shelter of the palisades with great difficulty. Maisonneuve, as though to challenge the implied suggestion of cowardice at his unwillingness to meet the Indians, remained on the outside until his last follower was safe, and just as he was entering he was attacked by the Indian Chief, whom he slew at a single blow, which disaster so disheartened the besiegers that they withdrew for the season, and the little settlement was saved. A few years later the



"Passing Under the Victoria Jubilee Bridge, the Greatest Engineering Feat of its Day"



"St. James Cathedral, a Replica of St. Peter's, Rome"



Photo by R. F. Smith, Montreal

"Carrying the Host on the Occasion of the Eucharistic Conference"

massacre of its every inhabitant was averted by the noble sacrifice of Dollard and his sixteen companions at the Long Sault of the Ottawa.

But Ville-Marie was destined to be more than a religious community. Its strategical importance soon attracted the trader, and before long it had become the recognized headquarters of the fur trade for all Canada, its name being changed to Montreal, after the mountain which had been ascended by Cartier, and named by him Mont Royal, more than a century before.

Montreal surrendered to the English in 1760, and in 1775-76 it was occupied by the American troops. In the troublous days of '33, when the Canadian parliament was temporarily suspended, it was the seat of the Legislative Council that superseded it.

In the three-quarters of a century since then, Montreal has enjoyed a steady growth, its position as first city of the Dominion never having been seriously threatened.

And its future development promises to be even more pronounced. Situated at the head of ocean navigation on the St. Lawrence, and at the tidewater end of Canada's great inland waterway to the heart of the continent, occupying a peculiarly strategical position in relation to the Dominion as a whole, endowed with cheap power and most of the other essentials for successful manufacturing, Montreal, already a city of more than eight hundred thousand souls, is passing through an era of constructive development that promises to make it, some day, one of the mightiest cities on earth.

The harbor facilities, too, are being steadily extended by the construction of new and larger docks, additional grain elevators, larger warehouses, and more modern handling appliances,



The Windsor Hotel, from Dominion Square



"Interior View of Notre Dame Cathedral"

providing it with the necessary equipment to care for its vast commerce.

Montreal has many historic associations. The most famous of its many landmarks of the past, perhaps, is the Chateau Ramezay, which, constructed in 1705, is now the home of a comprehensive antiquarian museum, reflecting the storied past of New France. The Chateau Ramezay, then known as the India House, was for many years the headquarters of the Canadian Fur Trade, and it was in this historic mansion that, after the capture of the city by the American troops, the Commissioners of Congress, Franklin, Chase and Carroll, met under Benedict Arnold.

Other points of historic interest are: the Placed'Armes, the Champ de Mars; the Bonsecours Market; the Warehouse in Vaudreuil Lane where John Jacob Astor laid the foundations of his vast fortune; the birth place of Pierre Le Moyne on St. Sulpice Street, and a hundred and one other places associated with the early explorers and churchmen whose names are part and portion of the history of the country.

Founded as a religious settlement, Montreal, even with its remarkable commercial development, has lost none of the religious atmosphere that so distinguishes it from other metropolitan centers. On every hand—interspersing skyscraper, hotel, store, and residence—rise cathedral, church, convent, and college, giving the city a somewhat old-world appearance.

Chief among its sanctuaries is the Church of Notre Dame, one of the most magnificent ecclesiastical structures in America. A splendid



"Place D'Armes Square, Maisonneuve Monument, Montreal!"

example of the Gothic, its twin towers rise to a height of 227 feet. It is furnished with a fine chime of eleven bells, of which one, LeGros Bourdon, weighs twelve tons. It was here that the principal religious exercises of the Eucharistic Conference were held.

Other famous Catholic edifices are: St. James' Cathedral, a replica of St. Peter's, Rome, in Dominion Square; Notre Dame de Bonsecours, the oldest church in the city; Notre Dame de Lourdes, St. Louis de France, and the Church of the Jesuits.

The more important Protestant churches are: Christ Church Anglican Cathedral, the Erskine Presbyterian Church, the First Baptist Church, and the St. James' Methodist Church.

Montreal's most famous colleges are McGill University, founded in 1811, and Laval.

No visitor to Montreal should forego a visit to the mountain, which can be reached by incline railway, foot, or conveyance. From its summit one is able to obtain a magnificent kaleidoscopic view of the city and surrounding country. Looking from its lofty heights we see, to the far west, the Ottawa River, just where it converges with the St. Lawrence; to the north, the bold Laurentians; to the southeast, the Adirondacks; to the southwest, the Blue Mountains of Vermont; in the middle distance, the fertile valley of Canada's mightiest river spread before us as on a map; at our feet the city, with its harbor, ships, grain elevators, docks, churches, public buildings, factories, and homes, standing out in striking contrast.



"Fashionable Sherbrooke Street, with the Ritz-Carlton Hotel on the Right"



"We Leave Montreal on One of the Palatial Sister Ships, Montreal or Quebec"

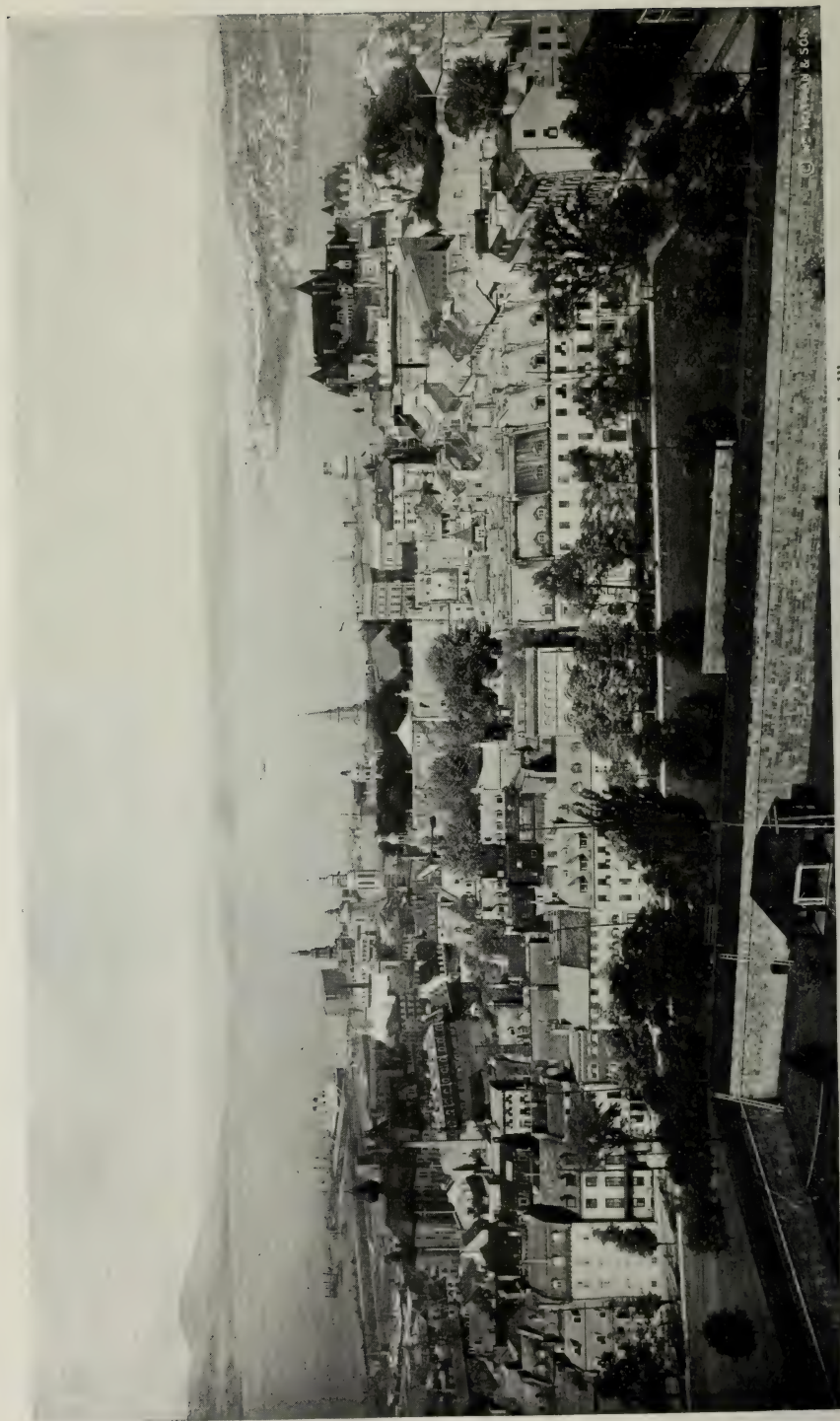
FROM MONTREAL we proceed to Quebec on the "Montreal" or "Quebec," the magnificent steamers that make travel between these two cities so great a pleasure.

Leaving the harbor, we pass, on our right, St. Helen's Island, from whose shores, in 1613, Champlain commenced his famous trip to the headwaters of the Ottawa. Seven miles farther down we see the little village of Boucherville, whose church register contains the name of an Indian infant baptized by Pere Marquette in 1668, probably the first baptism celebrated in Canada, while a mile and a half below, on our left, the pretty little church of Point-aux-Trembles is passed. Very soon we are abreast of Varennes, whose establishment dates back to 1673, its twin-towered modern church appearing to splendid advantage in the waning light.

The next point of interest is Vercheres, easily distinguished by its old French windmill, and the statue to Madeline Lalieuls and then Sorel, a growing manufacturing center at the mouth of the Richelieu River.

Leaving Sorel, the river widens into Lake St. Peter, once very shallow and a favored spot for lumbering operations, but now cut with a channel sufficiently deep to accommodate the largest ocean liners that navigate the St. Lawrence.

Three Rivers, the head of tidewater, is reached in the night. This prosperous little city was founded in 1634, and played an important part in the early history of Canada. It is here that the Canada Steamship Company Lines tide.



"We Must Climb to the Heights of the Citadel. It Is a Labor Well Rewarded"

When we appear on deck in the morning we are nearing Cape Rouge, where Jacques Cartier wintered on his second voyage to Canada, and where, in the following year, Roberval unsuccessfully attempted to form a settlement. Roberval's was the first colonization scheme in Canada, and attracted the first women and children. But, ill-provisioned and unacclimated, the settlers had a terrible winter, and the following summer were only too willing to return to the sunny shores of France.

It was from about opposite Cape Rouge that Wolfe and his little army floated down to the cove that now bears the name of the famous British general for the memorable night ascent of the Quebec escarpment, of which we obtain a good view after passing under the Quebec bridge.

Shortly after this we come abreast of Cape Diamond—the Gibraltar of the New World—and a moment later, in sudden sweep, Quebec itself comes into view—Quebec, cradle of New France, mother of all Canadian cities.

A city unto itself, there is something about Quebec's majestic isolation that makes it seem to stand apart from man, a page from the book of the infinite. What is it about this grim fortress, we ask ourselves, intuitively, that so obsesses us—that makes us feel so small in contrast? Is it the gray stone ramparts, the yawning moats, or the guns that frown so threateningly? Is it beautiful Dufferin Terrace, with its stately Chateau Frontenac? Is it the venerable halls of Laval, or the many imposing religious edifices; the architectural splendor of its houses of Parliament, or the towering



“The Guns That Frown So Threateningly”

Citadel that commands its topmost heights, or, perchance, the atmosphere of medievalism that clings to it in spite of centuries of progress?

No, it is none of these; they are merely incidental—embellishments, as it were, on a finished canvas. It is the rock itself that is transcendental, overshadowing all else—the rock that, standing at the portals of this great water highway to the heart of the continent, is the fabric foundation stone of the wonderful civilization that has been built up in this hemisphere.



"Where Champlain Laid the Foundation of the City and of New France"

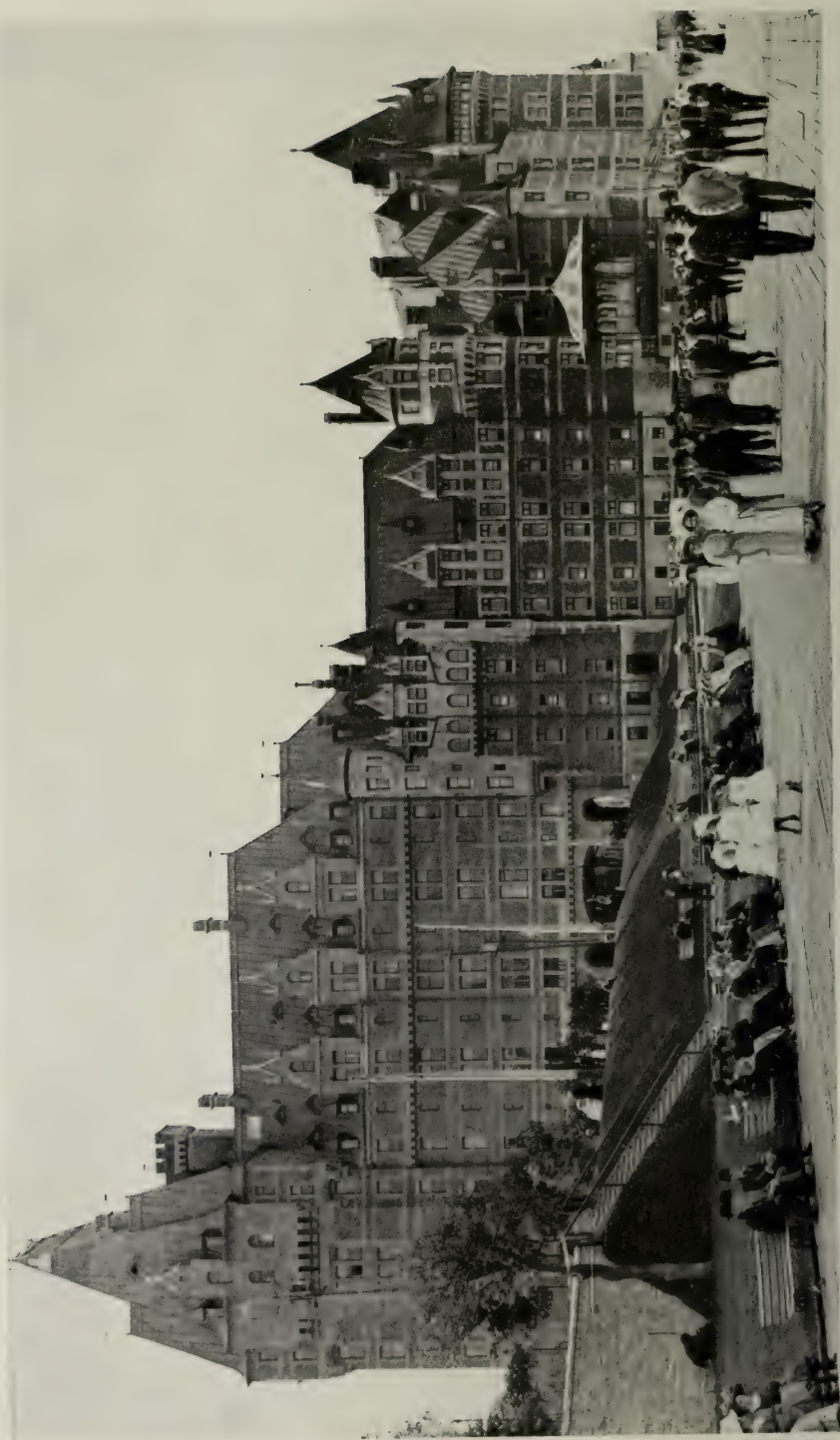
But to obtain a true appreciation of the commanding position of this impregnable fortress, we must climb to the heights of the Citadel. It is a labor well rewarded. Below us lie, in striking contradistinction, the Upper and the Lower towns, the one typical of Twentieth Century endeavor, the other reminiscent of days long past; at our feet, the magnificent harbor, with its modern docks and its ships of every flag; across the river, the City of Levis and its fortified heights; to the east, the picturesque St. Charles, pursuing its sinuous course through fertile valley of "ribboned farm;" on the distant horizon, the irregular peaks of the Laurentian range; encompassing us round about, the Citadel walls and the Plains of Abraham, and stretching beyond us, a veritable silver sheen, the silent river, helping by its omnipresence to make this a composite picture—a tribute to the complete symphony of Nature.



"In Quebec We Live Again the Past"

In Quebec we live again the past—every turn in the road a footprint to yesterday, every street, almost every house, a hallowed memory. There is the spot where Champlain laid the foundations of the city and of New France; the Basilica, consecrated by Mgr. Laval de Montmorency, first bishop of Quebec, whose see embraced all the then-known Canada, itself occupying the site of the ancient church of LaRecouvrance, erected to commemorate the evacuation of the city by the English, under Kirke; the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, celebrating the failure of the two British naval expeditions under Phipps and Walker, respectively; the Church of the Franciscans, consecrated to the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, its white-robed nuns ever before the altar; the Anglican Cathedral, built on the site of the chapel and con-

vent of the Récollet Fathers, the first soldiers of the Cross to set foot in Canada; St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, erected in 1759, for the use of the 78th Highlanders, who came to Quebec with Wolfe; St. Roch's, where rests the heart of Archbishop Plessis; St. Patrick's, built for the Irish Roman Catholics in 1833; the Ursuline Convent, within whose sacred chapel the mortal remains of Montcalm await the sounding of the last trumpet—an institution which, since 1639, has been the chief center of education for the Catholic womanhood of Canada; the Hotel Dieu, most ancient of Canada's hospitals, founded in the same year by the Duchess d'Aiguillon, a niece to the famous Richelieu; Laval University, established in 1668 as the Quebec Seminary and granted a Royal Charter in 1852; the ancient walls, first built by Frontenac, and renewed through succeeding generations; the Citadel, erected in 1823, at a cost of \$50,000,000, from plans approved by the "Iron Duke;" the postoffice, constructed on the site of the Old Chien d'Or Building, the inspiration of Kirby's novel—a building, says tradition, later occupied by the Innkeeper, Miles Prentice, whose pretty daughter so captivated Nelson that he might have married her had not his discreet shipmates spirited him away in the night; the St. Louis Gate, first built in 1693; the Cardinal's Palace; the Hotel de Ville, occupying the site of the first Jesuit College, the oldest University in America; the monuments to



"The Beautiful Dufferin Terrace, with Its Stately Chateau Frontenac"

soldiers and churchmen, friend and foe; the spot where fell the brave Montgomery; the Chateau Frontenac, constructed on the site of old Fort St. Louis; the house of Madame LaPeau, paramour of the Intendant Bigot; the little house on St. Louis Street, said to be the oldest building in Quebec, where Montcalm had his last headquarters, and where were drawn up the articles of capitulation; the Dufferin Terrace, where Champlain laid the foundations of the city and of New France—and a thousand and one other points of interest that take us back to the dim, distant past.



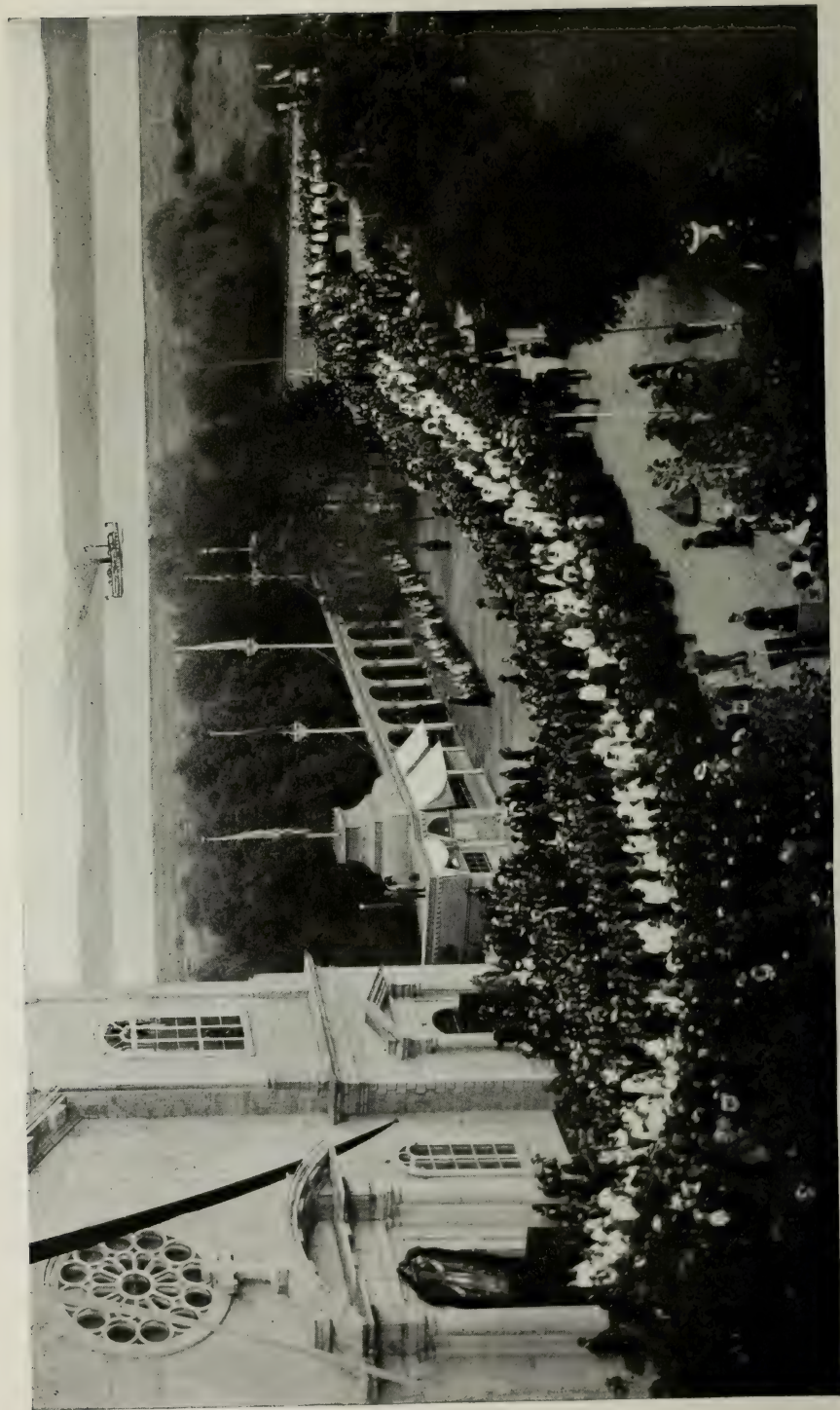
"Montmorency Falls, Higher than Niagara"

Quebec for the tourist is indeed excelled by no other city on the continent.

Any tourist can well afford to spend three or four days in Quebec, and those who can afford to linger there longer will be well repaid.

Just twenty-one miles from Quebec, on the St. Lawrence River, is the world-famous shrine of Ste. Anne de Beauprè, which attracts an annual pilgrimage of nearly a quarter million of the faithful.

The original chapel at Ste. Anne de Beauprè was built a few years after the founding of Quebec as a votive offering to their patron saint by a party of fishermen, who, overtaken on the river by a violent storm, made a solemn vow that if Ste. Anne would hear their prayers for succor they would erect a sanctuary on the spot they landed. Their prayers were answered, and they made shore safely at a point then known as Petit Cap. Here they erected a primitive wooden chapel that although frequently reconstructed still stands. Until March, 1658, the missionary Jesuit fathers who visited Petit



"Religious Processions Are of Regular and Daily Occurrence"

Cap conducted their services in the chapel of the Breton sailors, but in that year a new church was consecrated. This was the eleventh church building in Canada.

The first miracle attributed to Ste. Anne occurred during the building of the church. A farmer afflicted with chronic rheumatism placed, through devotion, some stones in the foundation of the new structure, and found himself suddenly cured. From that time on many afflicted made novenas in honor of Ste. Anne, and the miracles recorded have been numberless. No one year passes now without some miraculous cure being recorded. One of the interesting sights at Ste. Anne de Beauprè is the pile of crutches and surgical appliances that, discarded by those who have found healing, are piled in the church as tangible evidence of the cures effected.

Among the treasured relics of Ste. Anne is a portion of the wrist bone of Ste. Anne, who was the Mother of the Virgin Mary.

The Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beauprè is reached by electric car from Quebec, which passes, about midway, Montmorency Falls, more than a hundred feet higher than Niagara. At Montmorency Falls is located the famous old Kent House, once the residence of the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria.

To the one who knew Quebec ten years ago, the city would present some remarkable changes. Not that it has lost any of its quaint characteristics, nor discarded the mantle of medievalism that has signaled it out from among other cities, but that, combining in perfect harmony the new era with the old, she has become a mighty center of commerce as well as a city of antiquity—a fitting link between the Canada of now and the New France of yesterday.



“For Practical Purposes the Little Chapel Has Been Replaced by a Magnificent Basilica”



"Leaving Quebec on the 'St. Irene'"

OUR NEXT stage in this wonderful voyage from the heart of the continent to the sea is a journey to the Saguenay and return, a trip that no one visiting Quebec can afford to forego.

Leaving Quebec, we sail past the Island of Orleans, named by Cartier, on account of the infinite number of grapes that grew on its shores, the Isle of Bacchus. Looking over the island to the northern shore of the river we have a fine view of the lofty summit of Mount Ste. Anne, which rises 2,687 feet above the St. Lawrence and at whose base nestles the village of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, which most of us will have already visited.

Passing the extreme end of the Island of Orleans, we point toward the North Shore. Reaux Island is on our right, and just beyond can be seen Grosse Island, the quarantine station, where, in the summer of 1847, more than 7,000 immigrants died of cholera and fever. In the farther distance Crane's Island can be dimly seen, its rugged shores seeming to form an integral part of the mainland. On Crane's Island, if time has not completely effaced them, are the ruins of the historic Chateau Le Grande, where, in the days of Old Quebec, a jealous wife kept her too handsome husband a prisoner hermit until his death, when she herself returned to France and assumed the veil.

Skirting the North Shore, we are afforded a splendid view of the ruggedness of the scenery of this magnificent river and the mighty Laurentians that fringe the horizon beyond it. Capes Tourmente, Rouge, Gribanne, Maillard and Grande Pointe flit by us in rapid succession, and, then, at the foot of a mountain 2,640 feet in height, we catch a glimpse of the picturesque little village of St. Francois Xavier.

Soon Baie St. Paul, our first port of call, is reached and we are afforded an opportunity to view the Quebec habitant in his native

environment. Baie St. Paul, its church steeples conspicuously predominant, lies in a hollow between two great promontories, at the base of one of which, a mile or so from the village, we dock.

Under steam once more, we proceed to Eboulements, passing Isle Coudres, "the Island of Ravens," especially interesting, geologically, from having been separated from the mainland by volcanic action in the distant long ago. The island was further reduced in 1640 by a terrible earthquake that, according to available historical records, "overturned mountains and made trees to stand on their branches."

Passing Cape St. Joseph, the primitive little hamlet of Notre Dame, and Capes Martin and Goose, with the Eboulements Mountains always in view, we make a short call at St. Irénée, and some twenty



"A Magnificent View of the River and Point au Pic"

minutes later reach Murray Bay, Canada's most exclusive summer resort and a famous rendezvous for fashionables from all over America.

Very different from that at our last two ports is the scene at Murray Bay; different, perhaps, from any scene to be found on this continent. Above us, amid the pines, rises the palatial "Manoir Richelieu;" beyond, to our right, in partial seclusion, the ancient village, typical of French Canadian rural life; on the dock below us, strangely intermingled, are beautifully gowned women, liveried groom, charming girl in chic riding costume, village maiden in plain homespun, man of fashion, simple habitant, restless thoroughbred, decrepit nag, modern brougham, and ancient calèche.



"Then There Is the Swimming Pool"



"For the Horseman There Are a Myriad Bridal Paths"

Murray Bay, just ninety miles from Quebec, commanding a magnificent view of the River St. Lawrence, at this point fourteen miles in width, in winter time is a quaint old French Canadian village, differing in no important detail from the hundred and one villages of the picturesque old Province of Quebec, but in the season of summer, when the spinning wheel and the hand loom have been laid aside, it is transformed into a rendezvous of the elect, patronized by the fashionable from all over the continent. Here ex-President Taft has his summer residence, and on its fine golf course finds complete abandon in his favorite pastime. Here, also, come many other people of note, their summer villas standing out in strange contrast to the humble homes of the villagers. Murray Bay is indeed the Newport of Canada.



"Amid the Pines Rises the Palatial Manoir Richelieu"

Facing the river, high on a precipitous escarpment, in a natural grove of stately pine and balsam, stands the "Manoir Richelieu," owned and operated by the Canada Steamship Lines, the center of all activities in the life of the colony—a palatial hotel, magnificently appointed, and, architecturally, fully comparable to the hotels of Atlantic City, Palm Beach, and other famous resorts of Dame Fashion.

Many and varied are the diversions at Murray Bay. First in popular esteem are the picturesque golf links. Then there is the swimming pool, supplied with running salt water from the tidal river below. For the horseman there are a myriad bridle paths leading into the hidden recesses of the Laurentians; for those who drive, the ancient calèche, the staid brougham and the modern automobile, and



"Commanding a Magnificent View of the River St. Lawrence"

miles of splendid roads; for the angler, stream and lake teeming with the speckled beauty and other fish; for the yachtsman, the bay and the river beyond, while for the lover of the indoors there are the "Manoir Richelieu's" ball-room, billiard parlor, sun parlor, smoking room, lounge and recreation hall.

Calèche driving is a particularly popular form of diversion, the calèche being a little trap-like equipage introduced from France by the first settlers, and now seen only in Quebec and the French Canadian villages within easy distance of that historic city.

Among the interesting drives in the vicinity of Murray Bay are those to Upper Fraser Falls, whose waters drop, in two successive leaps, 290 feet; to Nairn Falls, especially fascinating in August, when the salmon are running; along the coast to Cap à l'Aigle, from where



"First in Popular Esteem Are the Picturesque Golf Links"

a magnificent view of the river and Pointe au Pic can be obtained, and to distant Grand Lac, which lies in the hidden recesses of the mountains beyond the hamlet of St. Agnes.

Leaving Murray Bay, we pass Cap à l'Aigle, named by Champlain on account of the numerous eagles that built their eyries in its topmost heights, stopping on occasion at the quaint little village that rests at its foot, and then proceed to St. Simeon, in the Bay of Rocks, obtaining a magnificent view of the rugged coast and those splendid promontories, Capes Salmon and Dog. Into the eastern end of this sheltered bay are emptied the waters of the River Noire, which derives its name from the dark lake which is its source. The lakes behind St. Simeon teem with trout, and are becoming more popular with the angler as the years go by.



"The Center of All Activities in the Life of the Colony"

From St. Simeon we proceed to the Saguenay and Tadousac, making a wide detour to avoid the shallow waters that cover Larks' Reef.

At its confluence with the St. Lawrence the Saguenay forms a large oval bay, enclosed by mountains that in their grandeur are comparable to the Highlands of Scotland, but are infinitely more rugged. At first vision no river is visible, towering cape and precipitous mountain seeming to forbid the further encroachment of the waters. Altogether, we count no less than seven great peaks, each rising higher than his fellow. To our left, on the wide sand beach that separates the river from the mainland proper, we observe a little village, its church redeeming the lonesomeness of the landscape; to our right, at the foot of a great Laurentian giant, the village of Tadousac, its church steeple and the windows of its great hotel reflecting back to us the scintillating rays of the dying sun.

Historically, Tadousac is one of the richest settlements in Canada. Long before Jacques Cartier anchored in its beautiful protected bay it had been a favored rendezvous of the aborigines. How long before Cartier, the first white men had come, no one can say, but tradition claims that the ancient Iberians were here long before the dawn of the Christian era, and that the fierce Vikings also paid it a visit. Following Cartier, came the Basques and Breton fishermen, hunting the whale, once so profitable an industry.

At the opening of the Seventeenth Century Tadousac had become an important fur-trading station, the Basques having recognized the

greater possibilities of the fur business compared with those of whaling, and the Indians, too, being only too willing to find a market for the trophies of the chase.

One year before this, in 1599, Pierre de Chauvin, with Pont-Gravé, Sieur de Monts, as a passenger, landed at Tadousac, and, with the intention of establishing a settlement there, constructed on its shores the first real house erected in Canada, after which he returned to France, leaving sixteen of his companions behind him as the nucleus of the colony to be. Most of these, however, succumbed to lack of nourishment and to exposure, and the balance returned to France convinced of the utter futility of Canadian colonization. Chauvin made two more voyages to Tadousac, then died, and his work was continued by Pont-Gravé, who might never have been remembered to history had he not brought to Canada one who was to loom large in her future destinies—Champlain.



"Its Church Steeple and the Windows of Its Great Hotel"

Pont-Gravé and Champlain arrived at Tadousac on May 25, 1603, being greeted by more than a thousand Indians, who swore fealty to the French, and in return were promised protection from their dreaded foemen, the Iroquois. It was in this year that Champlain ascended the Saguenay to Lake St. John in search of the kingdom of the Saguenay, which, like the Eldorado so vainly sought by DeSoto, turned out to be a mythical creation of the Indian mind, given birth solely for the white man's benefit.

Because of its forbidding aspect the chief cape at Tadousac was named La Pointe de Tours des Diables, the Point of All the Devils. In 1615 the Récollet Fathers landed there. Their mission constituted the first Christian establishment in Canada.



"It Is Said to Be the Oldest Place of Worship in America"

Tadousac was captured and destroyed by Kirke in 1628, but this sea rover soon evacuated it, and it was rebuilt on more permanent lines. In 1648 the little chapel, still standing, was constructed. It is said to be the oldest place of worship in America. Of course it has undergone frequent alterations, but the main

outlines of the building are believed to have been preserved, and the same bell still rings out the Angelus. In the eventide, as the villagers stroll toward the church, just as they did in the days of New France, one might well believe he had been translated into the Canada of two centuries ago.

In 1661 Tadousac was visited by the Iroquois and reduced to ashes, the little chapel of the Jesuit Fathers alone being spared, evidently from Indian superstition.

From Tadousac, in the summer of 1671, went to Hudson's Bay, by way of the Saguenay and Lake St. John, the expedition of reconnoitre under the priest-diplomat, Father Albanel, with the exception



"Controlling the Angling Rights to Six Beautiful Lakes"

of Radisson and Chovart, the first Frenchman to reach this northern sea, and eight years later Joliet paused here on his voyage to the same region. Here, also, Sir William Phipps, commander of the New England naval expedition sent against Quebec in 1690, lingered for six weeks, and this may have accounted in some measure for his inability to reduce the fortress, for it gave Frontenac ample opportunity to strengthen the none too impregnable defences.

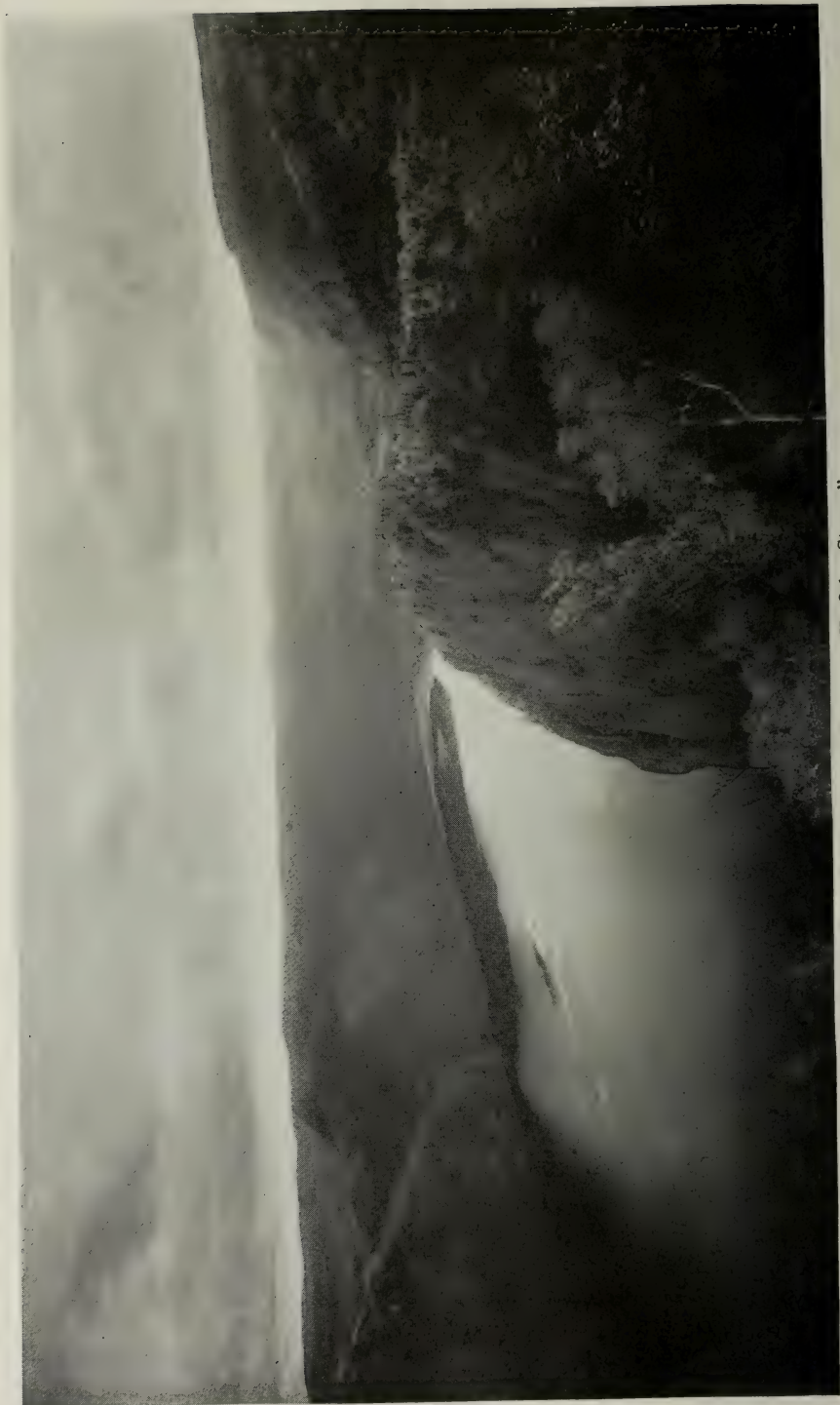
Under the French régime Tadousac, the entrepôt for the fur trade of all Labrador and of a great section of the North, was an important place, and no vessel from or to Europe failed to make it a port of call, but with the advance of civilization and an extension of the fur trade to the Far Northwest, it has been relegated to the position of an inconsequential little hamlet, out of touch with the hum of industry of the outside world, and dependent for its existence on an inextensive agriculture and a summer colony.

There is excellent sea fishing at Tadousac, and in the mountain lakes, a few miles inland, speckled trout and the gamy landlocked salmon are abundant. For the hunter it is almost a virgin region.

The Hotel Tadousac, owned and operated by the Canada Steamship Lines, is magnificently situated at the junction of the two rivers. A comfortable, homelike establishment, with accommodations for three hundred guests, it has its own golf links and all the other requisites of the modern summer hostelry. These links, considered by those who have played them, among the sportiest on the continent, are situated on the outskirts of the village, within five minutes' walking distance of the hotel.



"Considered by Those Who Have Played Them, Among the Sportiest on the Continent"



"A Solemn Grandeur Common to No Other Stream"



"In Many Respects the Most Wonderful of the World's Rivers"

In connection with the hotel, too, is a well-appointed fishing camp, the Company controlling the angling rights to six beautiful lakes a few miles from the village. These lakes have been liberally stocked with trout and land-locked salmon, and provide excellent fishing. The camp and boats are free to guests, and guides are provided at a moderate daily fee.

Many Canadian and American families spend their entire summer at Tadousac, and certainly few other resorts combine so delightfully the requisites of health and recreation.

We leave Tadousac for Chicoutimi shortly after dark, and commence our journey up the Saguenay, in many respects the most wonderful of the world's rivers. Cut through the mountains by glacial action, this awesome river, its waters more than 700 feet in depth, has a solemn grandeur common to no other stream, its banks towering above the dark waters to a height of 1,600 feet, rugged and precipitous, and for the most part cliffs of solid granite.

In the waning light, this cañon through the hills seems to affect one ominously. It were as though a pall had fallen suddenly upon the landscape, enveloping it with a mantle of mourning. Nature's song seems to have been momentarily stayed; the last recollections of a glorious summer day effaced—over everything is the stillness of night, accentuating even the rhythmic cadence of our engines. The cliffs above loom out of the darkness like the walls of a dungeon from which there can be no escape, and over them dance the shadows of night, spirit wraiths in a supernatural kingdom. It is as if we were entering the winding labyrinth of some subterranean acropolis, the stream itself "the river of death."

But in a little while, when our eyes have become accustomed to the change, and the heavens are ablaze with a million lights, each seeming to convey a message of hope and assurance, the effect is changed, and where but a moment before we saw cliffs dark and foreboding and waters dank like the River of Styx, we see now majestic palisades, gloriously transformed, and a stream of promise, pointing to some paradise beyond.

If the fortune of tide be with us, we arrive at the picturesque village of Chicoutimi in daylight, and are afforded an opportunity to take a stroll through this hospitable little French Canadian center, to inspect its magnificent twin-towered cathedral, its public buildings, pulp mills, and schools, admire the beautiful horses of the prosperous farmers from the fertile country beyond, and, from the crown of the hill on which the village is built, obtain a splendid panoramic view of the river, the cape and town of Ste. Anne, on the opposite shore, the distant Laurentians, and the fertile valley between.

Leaving Chicoutimi, we commence the memorable daylight voyage down the Saguenay.

On our left rise the steep escarpments of granite that run in regular formation from Cape Ste. Anne to Cape St. Francis. Browened by the action of the elements, they have a ruggedness that accentuates their age. Clinging to their sides, wherever they have been able to obtain a foothold, grow stalwart saplings of silver birch; crowning their topmost heights, fitting diadems to these Laurentian monarchs, grow magnificent forests of spruce, while at their base lie countless rocks, with here and there a huge boulder rising up in the seeming channel of the river itself.



"A Ruggedness That Accentuates Their Age"

Now we seem to be sailing on some inland sea, the hills coming down to the shores like the broken foothills of the Southern Appalachian range. Outlining the horizon, their peaks a misty blue, are the Laurentians, father of all the mountains; in the nearer distance, a verdant valley of exquisite charm in which we catch an occasional glimpse of the humble home of Jean Baptiste, while around us, peaceful and sparkling, flow the waters that all too soon are to be robbed of their silver, sparkling hue.

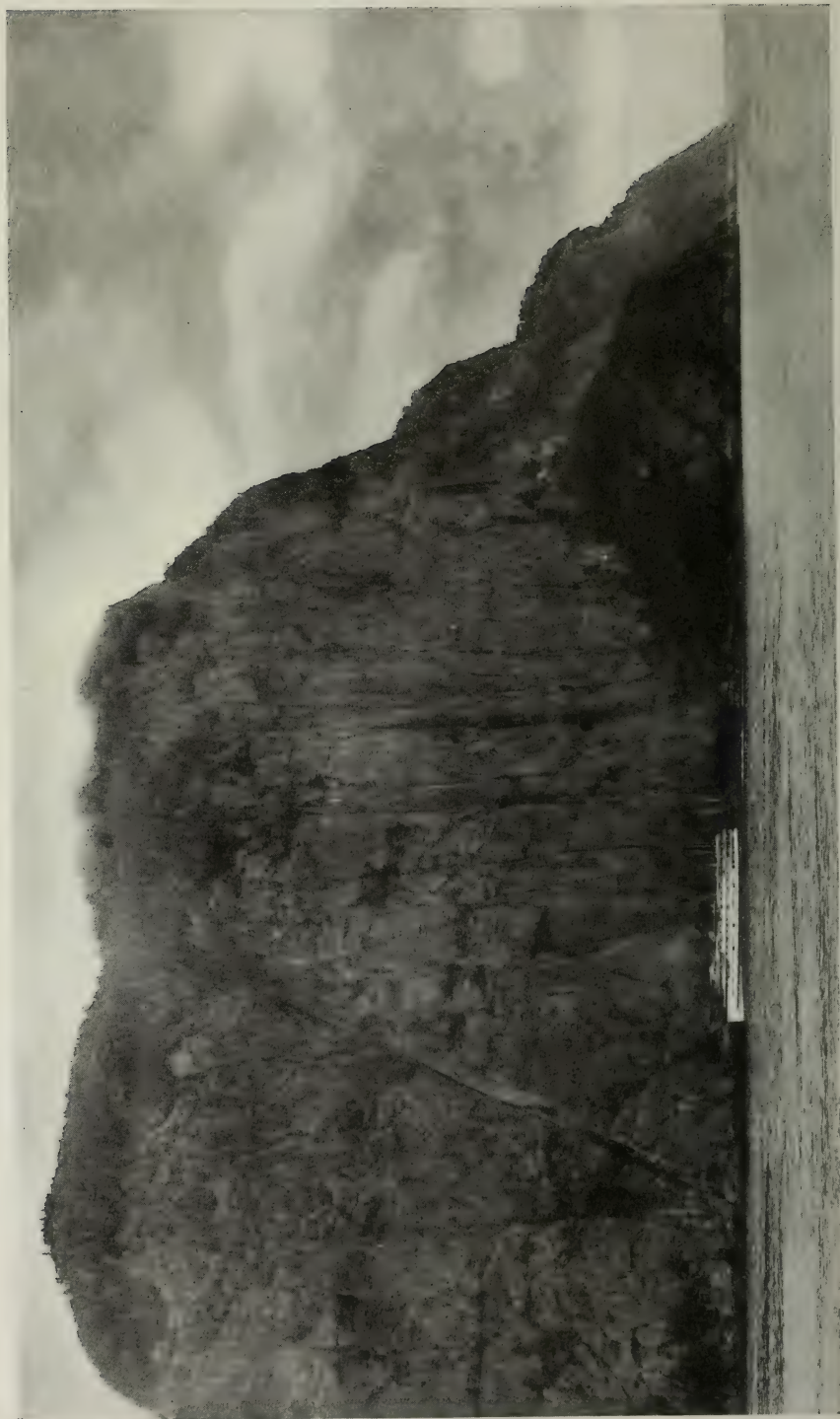
Then the cliffs begin to grow precipitous once more, and man's kingdom increasingly confined, only an intermittent homestead, like



"Man's Kingdom Increasingly Confined"

an oasis in the desert, marking the landscape, with now and then a church, its little cross outlined against the sky, typical reminder of the omnipresence of the Supreme. The wind sings through the cañon, self-created; the whitecaps dance wildly; the rocks hurl back a field of spray, the channel of the river being very smooth, and soon, having passed St. Fulgence and Point-au-Pain, named from its resemblance to a loaf of bread, we come into sight of Capes East and West, which, in reality three miles apart, seem at first sight to meet across the river like brothers clasp hands.

Rounding Cape West, which runs down into the water, a pronounced peninsula, the last of three similarly shaped ridges, we enter an arm of the river known as Ha Ha Bay, so named by some Spanish Basque sailors who, mistaking it for the main channel, became landlocked, and had a good laugh at their own expense.



“Making Us and Our Craft Seem Like Microbic Organisms in Some Spectral Picture”

Ha! Ha! Bay is a beautiful nine-mile stretch of water, with low lying banks and a fertile valley beyond, reminding us of the Valley of the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Three Rivers, and so strikingly in contrast to the Saguenay proper as to be to all intents and purposes a distinct stream.

We make a short stop at St. Alphonse at the extreme end of the bay, then retrace our course to the main river, and it is from here down that the magnificence of the Saguenay is most defined. We sail past Cape East and the little lighthouse built on the rocks at its foot, and are soon hemmed in once more by the precipitous escarpments of this wonderful mountain gorge.

A few miles below we pass a promontory known as La Pointe de la Descente des Femmes, where, shortly after the establishment of the trading post at Tadousac, some Indian women reached the Saguenay in search of succor for their famine-stricken families, hence the name. The little village of Des Femmes lies at the foot of the cape, and almost opposite, on the right, Maple Cove, where a lone habi- tant operates a little farm, defying, as it were, nature itself, strong in his inherent belief in the right of man to live.

Cape Rouge is next passed, then LaTableau, whose beautifully pictured face bears mute but eloquent testimony to the awful power of the terrible cataclysm of rock and ice that changed the surface



"With Seeming Compassion"



"Cape Eternity in One Solid Mass, Cape Trinity in Three Distinct Elevations"



"With Its Guardian, Cape Diamond, Ever Standing Sentinel"

of the earth in the distant past, and soon we are sailing over the waters of Trinity Bay—Trinity Bay, with its guardian, Cape Diamond, ever standing sentinel.

And then, with sudden sweep, those mightiest of all the titan promontories that tower above the dark waters of this majestic stream, Capes Trinity and Eternity, come into view, rising like giant obelisks to a height of nearly two thousand feet, Cape Eternity in one solid mass, Cape Trinity in three distinct elevations, the lowest graced by a huge statue to the Virgin, which for nearly thirty years has looked down with seeming compassion on the waters below, impervious to the elements—a thank-offering from a devout Catholic who attributed his return to health an answer to his supplications to the Virgin.

From Cape East to Cape Trinity our boat travels between cliffs that tower above us to an average height of more than a thousand feet, making us and our craft seem like microbic organisms in some spectral picture.

How sublime, indeed, is the scene, how magnificent in contrast to man and his works. If our first impression of this mysterious river was inspiring, our present, now that the morning sun has risen up all powerful over the kingdom of the night, is infinitely more so. The towering cliffs cast their shadows over the waters, which flow beneath us black as the ebony of some tropic land. Glancing on the cliffs themselves, we seem to make out weird figures, like the stalagmites and stalactites of some fantastic cavern such as a Jules Verne might conjure to our mind. Above us, in a deep blue sky, the summer sun reflects his rays in a glorious irides-

cence, tinting the landscape with a vari-colored mantle of light and giving even the rocks of granite an appearance less austere.

After passing Capes Trinity and Eternity, we sail across the Bay of St. John, leave the Island of St. John to our left, pass the Little Saguenay, and then catch a glimpse of the Ste. Marguerite, famous the world over as the salmon stream of the most exclusive angling club on the continent.

Proceeding downward we pass, in succession, Pointe Crepe, St. Etienne Bay, Grosse-Roche, Anse-a-Jack, the Passe Piere Islands, and the Boule Rock, a cape of solid granite 600 feet in height, Anse-la-Barque, where the cliffs begin to lose their great height, and before long we are once more at Tadousac.

We spend another delightful hour in this historic village, but those who listen making a casual inspection of the Government hatchery, and then, on our way back to the dock, stop for a moment to admire the magnificent silver beauties—those kings of the fish family, the salmon—as they disport themselves in the peaceful waters of the “pool” with an abandon that suggests entire obliviousness to their state of temporary internment as the prisoners of man.



“Have Left Behind Us the Dark, Deep, Mysterious River”

Under way once more, we skirting again the rugged shores of Canada's “Father of Waters,” and before long we have reached Murray Bay again, when we are on foot, and have left behind us the dark, deep, mysterious river that although it did not fulfill the wild dreams of the early pioneers as the short road to the mythical Kingdom of Cathay, to us, at least, will constitute a beautiful highway to the Kingdom of Yesterday, that we will frequently retrace with pleasant memory and no weariness of footstep.



Contrary to General Opinion, Modern Great Lakes Freighters Are Substantial Craft Indeed. Here We See the S.S. "Emperor," of the Canada Steamship Lines' Fleet, Clearing a Passage Through the Ice of the St. Mary's River at the Opening of Navigation

PART III

NORTHERN NAVIGATION CO.

SUMMER CRUISE



WINDSOR, DETROIT AND SARNIA
TO THE SOO, FORT WILLIAM,
PORT ARTHUR, DULUTH
AND RETURN



"The Kakabeka Falls Have a Majesty Hardly Less Inspiring than the Great Niagara"

THAT SUMMER CRUISE

*Being a Tourist's Description of a Voyage on the Northern Navigation Line
From Detroit to Duluth and Return*

FROM childhood I had always wanted to make a cruise on the Great Lakes, for I had associated with them much of the history and romance of our country, but the opportunity had not come my way, and it was only last year, when after many years of strenuous business activity, I felt both the need and the right to a vacation, that my wish was realized.

There are certain things about a vacation that make or mar it, and of these no one is more important than proper preparation, by which I mean careful selection as to the route to be selected.

For ourselves—I had my wife and grown daughter with me, my two boys being within the draft age had been mustered in some weeks before—we were fortunate in being able to profit by the experience of one of our very dear friends, the local banker who had made the Great Lakes trip the summer before, and was enthusiastic not only in regard to the varied delights of the voyage, but of the uniformly good service and courteousness of the ship's personnel.

Ours is a small town in Central Ohio, and we are just about like one of a hundred thousand other families you will find scattered all over the United States and Canada. We had no very great wealth, but we lived comfortably, and righteously, and took a passing interest in most of the things of life. We had traveled to an extent, but our travels had taken us chiefly to the East or to Chicago, then we had visited Florida twice, California once, and ten years ago had spent six months in Europe. So many of us have been in the habit of seeing the sail whiter at sea, and taking these long voyages abroad when we have greater attractions right at our very doors.

However, to start our story. After a great deal of bustle—you always have that in starting a journey of any kind if the womenfolk are coming along—we finally reached the depot and our train, and that night had boarded the fine Detroit & Cleveland Navigation steamer at Cleveland for Detroit, where our cruise was to begin, arriving at the latter place after a refreshing night's sleep.

We did not have any time to view the Magic City that day, as our boat—the "Hamonic"—was scheduled to sail at nine, giving us just sufficient time to reach her dock, and get nicely settled in our cabins.

The "Hamonic" is not so large as that leviathan of the Great Lakes, the "Noronic," but she is a beautiful vessel, thought by many in fact to be the finest example of marine architecture on inland waters, and to us, at least, she became very dear before the voyage was over.



"We Spent the Time Leaning Over the Rail and Watching the Excitement"

Starting time was not far away, and there was a great commotion aboard and ashore. The docks were crowded with the friends of the voyagers—one would have thought we were going on a long ocean voyage with all its uncertainties and hazards. All our friends were "back home," so we spent the time leaning over the rail and watching the excitement in peace.

The last "all ashore" was called, the last farewell said, there was a ringing of the electrical signals in the engine room, a straining of the hawsers, and almost before we realized it, our vessel was in the Detroit River, headed for Windsor, where we picked up a good many passengers from Michigan Central points in both the United States and Canada.

Our stay at Windsor was short, and before long we were proceeding up stream, at what seemed an incredible speed.

We started on the voyage alone, but we were not to be lonesome very long—the Northern Navigation, with its customary thoughtfulness has provided for that. The freedom of the seas is proverbial—that is, of course, in regard to the social amenities—and this applies also to the Great Lakes. But to make the cruise more enjoyable to all, the Northern Navigation Company has expedited things by appointing a charming young hostess—not the sort of chaperon one expects to find, but a sweet young lady, who seems to sense every situation and meet it—whose only duty is to make people acquainted with each other, arrange card parties, and other entertainment, and make things generally pleasant.

Thus it seemed to us that we knew almost everybody on board before the day was over, and frankly we must say that we never

encountered a nicer ship's company in all our travels. Surely the company must have some sort of eclectic system in choosing its guests.

Thoughtfulness, indeed, seemed to be the predominant note about everything connected with the cruise.

The promenade deck emphasizes the thoughtful equipment of these liners over all others on the lakes. There is hardly a man who does not miss his daily walk while aboard ship, even though he normally walks but a short distance. This was taken into consideration when the "Noronic" and her sister ships were built and provision has been made for this very thing.

The outside of the promenade deck has been left clear of chairs, rigging and impedimenta all the way round the ship. Six times around this deck make a distance of a mile.

On the observation deck, you may sit on soft, tufted divans and view, through French beveled plate windows, the scenery on either side of the steamer.

A place of restful quiet by day, this portion of the observation deck is the center of the great steamer's gaiety by night. Shortly after the serving of dinner, the ship's orchestra takes position upon a palm-bowered platform and a few moments later swings into one of the latest dancing tunes.

Unlike those of many other vessels, the dining saloons of the Northern boats are located on the upper deck, which gives you the added enjoyment of viewing the passing scenery while eating what you will agree are quite the most delicious meals you have had anywhere.



"We Never Encountered a Nicer Ship's Company"



"Then, of Course, There Were the Camera Fiends"

Then there are the smoking room and writing rooms, and the parlors for bridge and other games.

Leaving Windsor, we headed up the Detroit River, and before long were passing Belle Isle, the greatest summer resort in the United States. Next we crossed beautiful Lake St. Clair, and wended our way slowly through Little Venice, where the crowds and music and gay vessels of one of the most popular resorts in America greet the traveler's eye; where every bit of land that thrusts itself out of the lake is lined with summer cottages and lake-side inns.

From Little Venice our steamer entered the St. Clair River, along which live innumerable captains of ships. It is a paradise of beauty.

Our first stop was made at Sarnia, Ont., where we took on a very large number of additional passengers, most of whom had been brought by the Grand Trunk from Eastern points.

It was just 4.15 when we pulled out of Sarnia, and within an hour we were passing Huron Beach, and heading north across the Lake for the Sault. It was a beautiful afternoon. In the city it would have been uncomfortably warm, but here, with a spanking breeze from the north, the weather was just about ideal. We sailed merrily along all afternoon. Some of the passengers tried for walking records, others indulged in card or deck games, and still others, myself included, I must reluctantly admit, just reclined in the comfortable deck chairs, enjoying to the full the delight of perfect relaxation. Then, of course, there were the camera fiends, ever ready to snap passing ship or passenger.

Dinner came none too soon, although we had been furnished with afternoon tea shortly after leaving Sarnia. But on these cruises one

seems to feel the need of nourishment pretty frequently, try as he will to Hooverize. And, while on the subject, we feel constrained to pay a compliment to the Northern Navigation Company on the general excellence of its cuisine and service. It would be impossible to obtain more delicious viands or a wider choice in the very largest hotels. For our part, we admit to doing justice to every one of the eighteen odd meals we had aboard the "Hamonic."

We arrived at the Sault about eleven next morning, after having spent an enjoyable evening of entertainment—the nightly custom of the cruise being dancing and card playing, and a little repast to send one on his way to dreamland perfectly satisfied with himself and the world. Then we sailed onward all afternoon and night, and the following morning arrived at Port Arthur, where we had an excursion to Kakabeka Falls. The Kakabeka Falls have a majesty hardly less inspiring than the great Niagara, and we enjoyed our picnic there to the full.

Leaving Fort William, the twin city of Port Arthur, that evening we reached Duluth in the morning, having a most enjoyable day there in sightseeing, including in our itinerary a trip around the famous boulevard which skirts Lake Superior for many miles.

That night we started home again, and in due course arrived back at Detroit, our cruise on the "Hamonic" an event of this yesterday we will cherish always.



"Then We Sailed Onward All Afternoon and Night"

NORTHERN NAVIGATION COMPANY

AMONG THE THIRTY THOUSAND ISLANDS OF THE GEORGIAN BAY

SKIRTING the southeastern shores of the beautiful oval arm of the second largest of the Great Lakes, that magnificent body of protected water that can be best likened to the Adriatic, lie some thirty-two thousand fairy islands of varying shape, size, and character, that in their entirety constitute one of the most remarkable archipelagoes on earth.

For of all the many regions that send out their annual call to the Nature lover the Thirty Thousand Islands of the Georgian Bay have been, perhaps, the longest discovered.

First among the early explorers came Champlain, founder of Quebec, searching for the short road to the mythical kingdom of Cathay. That was in 1615. Following in his wake came the pious Jesuit Fathers, who laid the foundation stones of New World Christianity. Since then it has been visited by many from all parts of the world, but it is only of late years that its wonderful possibilities as a summer region have been recognized.

The Thirty Thousand Island region is one of great historic and archæological interest. No section of America is richer in Indian lore. Here was the great camping ground of Manitowaning, the Algonquin demigod, and here tradition says Manabozho, "God of Waters," the Hiawatha of the Iroquois, was born and laid to rest. For Hiawatha was not an Ojibway, as designated by Longfellow, but an Iroquois. To the archæologist this region will prove a veritable Utopia.

The fishing possibilities of the Thirty Thousand Islands can hardly be exaggerated. In these confined waters are to be found, in immense number, whitefish, sturgeon, lake trout, bass, pickerel, and many other members of the finny tribe. Maskilonge, while not plentiful, are not uncommon, a thirty-seven-pound "musky" being in no sense an impossibility. Of course, as in other sections, the catch depends to an extent on the angler's skill.

The sixty-mile journey through the Thirty Thousand Islands, made in daylight, commences at Penetang, sometimes called Penetanguishene.

Penetang is one of the oldest Jesuit settlements in North America. Its chief attraction is the memorial church, built by Father Laboureau to commemorate the martyrdom of Pere Breboeuf, one of the earliest of the French missionaries to die at the stake. Historically, Penetang is very interesting. In the days of the French régime it was quite an important post. In the War of 1812 it was the naval rendezvous for the British fleet that was empowered with the protection of British shipping on the Upper Lakes. It was from Penetang, too,



"Intricate As Is the Channel It Is in No Sense Dangerous"

that on St. George's Day, April 23, 1823, Sir John Franklin sailed on his second expedition to the Arctic. The town is unique in having a Protestant separate school, said to be the only one in the province.

Owing to its beautiful situation, ideal surroundings, and quaint French atmosphere, Penetang is a very popular summer resort. It has a comfortable, homelike hotel, that caters to a large clientele. The social activities at this hostelry are many. Tennis, particularly, is a favorite pastime not yet usurped by golf.

We leave Penetang on the fine little twin-screw steel steamer, "Waubic," well christened the Thirty Thousand Island Wanderer.

Steaming out of the harbor, the "Waubic" points her bow toward Honey Harbor, passing on her left the Giants' Tomb, a very striking pyramidal formation that presents an identical appearance from whatever angle it may be viewed. Honey Harbor is soon left behind, and our boat is threading her way through the myriad islands with what seems remarkable dexterity. But this is in the accepted order of things, for intricate as is the channel it is in no sense dangerous, for the course is well defined by lighthouses and buoys, and our captain has sailed these waters from childhood.

Sailing onward and onward, the rocky islet and little bungalow in strange contrast, we arrive before long at Minnicoganishene, and are greeted by the summer colonists. The natives here tell weird tales of the part played by this region when America was in its infancy; of the French and Indian intrigues and stories of the river pirates, who used to ply their nefarious trade in this landlocked district.

Here is located an up-to-date hotel. Other buildings, stores and the like, conspire to make it a first-class rest haven in every respect. Standing on the highest point of the island you can look over the translucent waters and as far as the eye can reach there are broad areas of the most wonderful scenery on the Western Continent.

Rocky banks, tiny lakes and specks of islands, seemingly sprouting on every wave, form the scenery from Minnicoganishene to Sans Souci at the mouth of the Moon River. All the fashionable summer resort conveniences are at the traveler's disposal at Sans Souci, while fine hotels, sailing, fishing and hunting can be had at a short distance.

Between Minnicog and Sans Souci is Go Home Bay, guarded by the "Watchers" of Georgian Bay, who stand at the entrance of this secluded channel like grim sentinels. Go Home Bay is the home of the Madawaska Club, formed in 1893, by members of the faculty of Toronto University. At present there are about fifty-six cottages in the colony, and an up-to-date biological station.

Slipping through Spider Bay and rounding Wildgoose Island, the steamer enters Devil's Elbow, a narrow strip of water between Parry Sound and the mainland. Rose Point is our next port of call. This is an excellent place for rest and quiet and is becoming increasingly popular every year. Splendid bass and trout fishing may be had in the immediate neighborhood, as well as other out-of-door amusements.

This trip through the land of silent beauty comes to a delightful conclusion all too soon at Parry Sound, from where many fine water trips can be made.



"Stopping at Minnicoganishene, We Are Greeted by the Summer Colonists"

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